

Spos me fuisse

Deseruit natus ab homine regnare

THE TRAGICALL HIS-
torye of Romeus and Juliet , writ-
ten first in Italian by Bandell,
and nowe in Englishe by
Ar. Br.

Nihil bellum diuturnum

*I hant at libertye &
like my life*

*nothinge contyneth longe in amy
extremitye*

s/

In ædibus Richardi Tottelli.

Cum Priuilegio.

John George Brown esq;
Committee

2000-01-27

The following is a brief history of the
organization of the State of California.
It will show the origin of the State
and its growth from a small town to a
large city of nearly one million people.
The first settlers came from the
United States and Canada, and
from other countries in Europe.
They were mostly farmers and
miners, and they brought with them
the tools and equipment necessary
for their work. They also brought
with them their families and
children, and they settled in
various parts of the State, some
in the mountains, some in the
valleys, and some in the coastal
regions. The first settlers
were mostly men, but as time
went on, more women and children
came to the State, and the
population increased rapidly.
The first town was established
in 1848, and it was called
Marin City. It was a small
village, and it had a population
of about 100 people. It was
located on the coast, and it
was a popular place for
fishing and hunting. The
people who lived there
were mostly Indians, and
they were friendly to the
newcomers. They taught
them how to live in the
wilderness, and they
helped them to find
work and to establish
themselves. The first
settlements were made
in the San Joaquin Valley,
in the Sacramento Valley,
and in the Central Valley.
These valleys were rich in
minerals, and they provided
the settlers with a good
living. The miners
were mostly Chinese, and
they worked hard to
find gold. They were
treated poorly by the
white settlers, and they
had to leave the State
in search of better opportunities.
The miners left the State
in large numbers, and
they settled in other
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Maria Biancha
To the Reader.



He God of all glorie
created vniuersallie
all creatures, to sette
forth his prayse, both
those whiche we es-
tyme profitable in use
and pleasure, and also those, whiche we
accompete noysome, and lothsome. But
principally he hath appointed man, the
chiefest instrument of his honour, not
onely, for ministring matter thereof in
man himselfe: but as well in gatheryng
out of other, the occasions of publishing
Gods goodnes, wisdome, & power. And
in like sort, euerye dooynge of man hath
by Goddes dyspensacion some thyng,
whereby God may, and ought to be ho-
nored. So the good doynges of the good,
& the euill actes of the wicked, the hap-
py successe of the blessed, and the wo-
full procedinges of the miserable, doe in
diuers sorte found one prayse of God.
And as eche flower yeldeth hony to the

To the Reader,

bee : so euery example ministreth good
lessons, to the well disposed mynde. The
glorious triumphe of the continent man
vpon the lustes of wanton fleshe, incou-
rageth men to honest restraint of wyld
affections. the shamefull and wretched
endes of such, as haue yelded their liber-
tie thrall to sowle desires, teache men to
withholde them selues from the hedlong
fall of loose dishonestie. So, to lyke ef-
feet, by sundry meanes, the good mans
example byddeth men to be good, and
the euill mans misichefe; warneth men
not to be euyll. To this good ende, serue
all ill endes, of yll begynnynge. And to
this ende (good Reader) is this tragicall
matter written ; to describe vnto thee
a couple of vrforturate louers, thral-
ling them selues to vn honest desire, neg-
lecting the authoritie and aduise of pa-
rents and frendes; conferring their prin-
cipall counsels with dronken gossyppes,
and superstitious friers (the naturally
fite

To the Reader.

fitte instrumentes of vna chastitie) at-
temptyng all aduentures of peryll, for
thattaynyng of their wished lust, vsyng
auricular coi fession (the key of whore-
dome, and treason) for fur ther aunce of
theyr purpose , abusyng the honorable
name of lawefull mariage , to cloke the
shame of stolne contractes , finallye , by
all meanes of vnhonest lyfe , hastynge to
most vnhappye deathe. This president
(good Reader) shalbe to thee, as the fla-
ues of Lacedemon , oppressed with ex-
cesse of drinke , deformed and altered
from likenes of men , both in mynde , and
use of body , were to the free borne chil-
dren , so shewed to them by their pa-
rentes , to thintent to rayse in them an
hatefull lothyng of so filthy beastlynes.
Hereunto if you applye it , ye shall de-
liver my dooing from offence , and profit
your selues. Though I saw the same ar-
gument lately set foorth on stage with
more commendation , then I can locke
for

K of Limer

The Argument.

I One hath inflamed twayne by sodayn sight.
And both do graunt the thing that both desyze.
They wed in Christ by counsell of a frier.
Yong ROMEUS elymes fayre JULIET bower by night.

Three montheis he doth enjoy his cheele delight.

By Tybalis rage, prouoked unto pze,

He payeth death to Tybalt for his dyng.

A banisht man he scapes by secret flight.

New mariage is offred to his wyfe.

She drukes a drinke that seemes to reue her deaþt.

They bury her, that sleeping yet hath lyfe.

Her husband heareth the tydinges of her death.

He drukes his bane. And she with ROMEUS knyf.

When she awakes, her selfe(alias) she sleach.

Durum [¶] Romeus and Juliet.

Fo. i.

There is beyonde the Alps,
a towne of auncient fame,
whose bright renoune yet shyneth cleare,
Verona men it name.

Bylt in an happy time,
bylt on a fertile soyle:
Paynted by the heauenly fates,
and by the townish toyle.

The fruitfull hilles aboue,
the pleasant vales belowe,
The siluer stremme with chanell depe,
that through the towne doth flow:

The store of springes that serue
for vse, and eke for ease:
And other moe commodities
which profite may and please.

Eke many certaine signes
of thinges betyde of olde,
To syll the hungry eyes of those
that curiously beholde:

Do make this towne to be
preferde aboue the rest
Of Lumbard townes, or at the leaſt
compared with the best.

In which Iulie Escalus,
as prince alone dyd raigne,
To reache rewarde vnto the good,
to pay the lewde with Payne.

Alas (I relwe to thinke)
an heauy happe befell:
Whiche Boccace skant (not my rude tong)
were able forth to tell.

Within my trembling hande,
my penne doth shake for feare:
And on my colde amased head,
upright doth stand my heare.

A. J.

But

The Tragical history.

But sith she doth commaunde,
whose hest I must obayc,
In mooring verse, a wofull chaunce
to tell I will assaye.

Helpe learned Pallas, helpe,
ye muses with your arte,
Helpe all ye damned feendes to tell,
of soyes retournd to smart.
Helpe eke ye sisters three,
my skillesse penne tindyte:
For you it causd which I (alas)
vnable am to wryte.

There were two auncient stockes,
which Fortune high dyd place
Aboue the rest, endewd with welth,
and nobler of their race.

Loued of the common sort,
loued of the Prince alike:
And like vnhappy were they both,
when Fortune list to strike.

Whose prayse with equall blast,
fame in her trumpet biew:
The one was cliped Capulet,
and thother Montagew.

A wondred vse it is,
that men of likely sorte
(I wot not by what surye forsd)
enuye eche others porte.

So these, whose egall state
bred cruye pale of hew,
And then of grudging enuyes roote,
blacke hate and rancor grewe.

As of a little sparke,
oft ryseth mighty fyre,
So of a kyndled sparkie of grudge,
in flames fasse out theyr yre.

And

of Romeo and Juliet. Fo. 2.

And then they^r deadly foode,
first hatchd of trifling stryfe:
Did bathe in bloud of smarting woundes,
it reued brest and lyfe.
No legend lyc I tell,
scarce yet they^r eyes be drye:
That did behold the grisly sight,
with wet and weping eye.
But when the prudent prince,
who there the scepter heide
So great a new disorder in
his common weale behelde:
By ientyl meane he sought,
their choler to asswage:
And by perswasion to appease,
their viameful furious rage.
But both his woords and tyme,
the prince hath spent in vayne:
So rooted was the inward hate,
he losst his buy sy payne.
When frendry sage advise,
ne ientyl wicordis auayle:
By thondring threats, and princely powre
their courage gan he quaile.
In hope that when he had
the wasting flaine supprest,
In time he shold quyte quench the sparks
that boord within their brest.
Nowe whilke these kyndreds do
remayne in this estate,
End eche with outward frendry shew
dooth hyde his inward hate:
One Romeo, who was
of race a Montague;
Upon whose tender chyn, as yet,
no viariyke beare there grewe.

The Tragical history.

Whose beauty and whose shape
so farre the rest did stayne:
That from the cheere of Meron youth
he greatest fame dyd gayne.
Hath founde a mayde so faire
(he found so foule his happe)
Whose beauty, shape, and comely grace,
did so his heart entrappe,
That from his owne affayres,
his thought she did remoue:
Onely he sought to honor her,
to serue her, and to loue.
To her he writteh oft,
oft messengers are sent:
At length (in hope of better sped) himselfe the louer went:
Present to pleade for grace,
which absent was not founde:
And to discouer to her eye
his new receaued wounde.
But she that from her youth
was fostred euermore
With vertues foode, and taught in schole
of wisdomes skilfull loze:
By aunswere did cutte of
th'affections of his loue,
That he no more occasion had
so bayne a sute to moue.
So sterne she was of chere,
(for all the payne he tooke)
That in reward of toyle, she would
not geue a frendly looke.
And yet how much she did
with constant mind retayne:
So much the more his feruent minde
was prickt fourth by desyre.

But

of Romeus and Juliet.

Fo. 3.

But when he many monthes,
hopelesse of his recure,
Had serued her, who forced not
what paynes he did endure:
At length he thought to leauue
Verona, and to proue,
If chaunge of place might chaunge awaie
his ill bestowed loue.
And speaking to himselfe,
thus gan he make his mone:
What booteth me to loue and serue
a fell vnthankfull one,
With that my humble lute
and labour so wede in bayne,
Can reape none other fruite at all
but scorne and proude disdayne:
What way she seekes to goe,
the same I seeke to runne:
But she the path wherin I treade,
with spedye flight doth shunne.
I can not liue, except
that nere to her I be:
She is ay best content when she
is farthest of from me.
Wherfore henceforth I will
farre from her take my flight:
Perhaps mine eye once banished
by absence from her sight:
This fyre of myne, that by
her pleasant eyne is fed:
Shall little and little weare awaie,
and quite at last be ded.
But whilest he did decree
this purpose still to kepe:
A contrary repugnant thought
sanke in his brest so depe:

A. iii.

That

The Tragical history.

That doutefull is he now,
which of the twayne is best:
In sighs, in teares, in plainte, in care,
in sorow and brest.
He mothes the daye, he wakes
the long and wery night,
So deepe hath loue with pearcing hand,
ygraud her beuty bright.
Within his brest, and hath
so wasted quite his hark:
That he of force must yeld as thrall,
no way is left to start.
He can not staye his steppes,
but sooth kill must he ronne,
He languisheth and melts awaie,
as snow against the sonne.
His kyndred and ayres,
do wonder what he axles,
And eche of them in frendly wise,
his heauy hap or wayles.
But one emong the rest,
the trustiest of his feeres.
Farre more then he with counsel fild,
and ryper of his perres.
Can sharply him rebuke,
sighs loue to him he bare:
That he was felow of his smart,
and partner of his care.
What meant thou Romeo
(quoth he) what doting rage
Dooth make thee thus consume away,
the best parte of thine age,
In seeing her that scornes,
and hydes her from thy sight:
Not forling all thy great expence,
ne yet thy hono; bright.

Eby

Thy teares, thy wretched lyfe,
ne thine unspotted truth:
Whiche are of force (I weare) to meue
the hardest hart to ruthe.
Now for our friendshys sake,
and for thy health I pray:
That thou henceforth become thyne alone,
O geue no more away.
Unto a chankelis wight,
thy precious free estate;
In that thou louest such a one,
thou seeinst thy selfe to hate.
For she doth loue els where,
(and then thy time is borne)
O; els (what booteh thee to sue)
loues court she hath forsworne.
Both yong thou art of yeres,
and high in Fortunes grace:
What man is better shapd then thou?
who hath a swetter face?
By painfull studiis meane,
great learning hast thou wonne:
Thy parentes haue none other heire,
thou art theyr onely sonne.
What greater griele (trowst thou?)
what wofull dedly smart
Should so be able to distaine
thy seely fathers hart?
As in his age to see
thee plonged deepe in dyce:
When greatest hope he hath to heare
thy vertues same arise.
What shall thy kinsmen thinke,
thou cause of all theyr ruthe?
Thy dedly foes do laugh to skorne
thy yll employed youth.

The Tragical history.

Wherfore my counsell is,
that thou henceforth beginne
To knowe and fye the error which
to long thou liuedst in.
Remoue the veale of loue,
that keepes thine eyes so blynde:
That thou ne canst the ready path
of thy forefathers synde.
But if unto thy will
so much in thrall thou art:
Yet in some other place bestowe
thy wittles wandring hart.
Choose out some worthy dame,
her honoz thou and serue,
Who will geue eare to thy complaint
and pitty ere thou sterue.
But sow no more thy paynes
in such a barrayne soyle:
As yldes in haruest time no crop
in recompence of toyle.
Ere long the townishe dames
together will resort:
Some one of beuty, fauour, shape,
and of so lonely porche:
With so fast fired eye,
perhaps thou mayst beholde:
That thou shalt quite forget thy loue,
and passions past of olde.
The yong mans lystning eare
recciude the holesome sounde,
And reasons truth yplanted so,
within his head had grounde:
That now with healthy coole
ytempered is the heate:
And piccemeale weares away the greefe
that erst his heart dyd freate.

To his

To his approued frend,
a solemine othe he plight:
At every feast ykept by day,
and banquet made by night:
At pardons in the churche,
at games in open streate:
And every where he would resort
Where Ladies wont to meeete.
Eke shold his sauage heart
lyke all indifferently:
For he would view and iudge them all
With vnallured eye.
How happy had he been.
had he not been forsworne:
But twyse as happy had he been
had he been never borne.
For ere the Moone could thyse
her wasted hornes renew,
False Fortune cast for him poore wretched,
a myschiese newe to brewe.
The wery winter nightes
restore the Christmas games;
And now the season doth invite
to banquet townish dames.
And syrst in Capels house,
the chiese of all the kyn:
Sparth for no cost, the wonted vse
of banquets to begyn.
No Lady fayre or solele,
was in Verona towne:
No knight or gentleman
of high or lowe renowne:
But Capilet himselfe
hath byd vnto his feast:
Or by his name in paper sent,
appoynted as a geast.

The Tragical history.

Yong damsels thether flocke,
of bachelors a rowte:
Not so much for the banquets sake,
as belties to searche out.

But not a Montagew
would enter at his gate:
For as you heard, the Capilets,
and they were at debate.

Romeus, and he.

in maske with hidden face:
The supper done, with other five
dyd prease into the place.

Whan they had maskd a whyle,
with dames in courtly wise:
All dyd vnmiske, the rest dyd shew
them to theyr ladies eyes.

But bashfull Romeus,
with shamefast face forsooke
The open prease, and him withdrew
into the chambers nooke.

But brighter then the sunne,
the waren torches shone:
That mauger what he could, he was
espyd of every one.

But of the women chefe,
theyr gasing eyes that threwe
To wonder at his sightly shape
and belties spotles hewe.

With which the heauens him had
and nature so bedeck:
That Ladies thought the fayrest dames
were fowle in his respect.

And in theyr head beside,
an other wonder rose,
How he durst put himselfe in thong
among so many foes.

¶

Dſcourage ſcoute they thought
his cumming to proceſe:
And wouen loue an hardy hart
as I in storres rede.
The Capilets diſdayne
the preſence of theyz ſoe:
Yet they ſupprieſe theyz lyzed yre,
the cauſe I do not knolue.
Per haps toſtend theyz geſtes
the courteous kniȝts are loth,
Per haps they ſtay from ſharpe reuenge,
dreadyng the Pvinces wroth.
Per haps for that they ſhamd
to exerclſe theyz rage:
Within their house, againſt one alone
and him of tender age.
They uſe no taunting talke,
ne harine him by theyz deede:
They neyther ſay, what makſt thou here,
ne yet they ſay God ſpeeđe.
So that he freely might
the Ladieſ view at eaſe:
And they alſo beholding him,
their chaunge of fansies please.
Whiſh nature had him taught
to doe with ſuch a grace,
That there was none but ioyed at
his being there in place.
With vpright beamie he wayd
the bewty of eche dame,
And iudgd who best, and who next her,
was wrought in natures frame.
At length he ſaw a mayd,
right ſayre of perfect ſhape:
Whiſh Theseus, or Paris would
haue choſen to their rape.

W. Ham

The Tragical history.

Whom erst he never sawe,
of all she please him most:
Within himselfe he said to her,
thou iustly mayst thee booke.
Of perfitt shapes renoune,
and Beauties sounding prayse:
Whose like ne hath, ne shalbe seene,
ne liueth in our dayes.
And whilest he fird on her
his partall perced eye,
His former loue, for which of late
he ready was to dye.
Is nowe as quite forgotte,
as it had never been:
The prouerbe saith vnminde oft
are they that are vnseene.
And as out of a planke
a nayle a nayle doth drue:
So nouell loue out of the minde
the auncient loue doth rive.
This sedain kindled fyre
in time is wor so great:
That onely death, and both theyr blouds
might quench the fiery heate.
When Romulus saw himselfe
in this new tempest tost:
Where both was hope of pleasant port,
and daunger to be lost:
He doubtfull, skasely knew
what countenance to keepe
In Lethies fioud his wonted flames
were quenched and drenched deepe.
Yea he forgets himselfe,
ne is the wretched so bolde
To aske her name, that without force
hath him in bondage folde.

He holowunloose his bondes
both the poore soole devise,
But onely seeketh by her sight
to feede his hungry eyes.
Through them he swallows downe
loues sweete empoysonde baite,
How surely are the wareles wrapt
by those that lyse in wayte?
So is the poyson spred
throughout his bones and vaines;
That in a while (alas the while)
it hasteth deadly paines.
Whilste Juliet (for so
this gentle damsell hight)
From syde to syde on cuery one
dyd cast about her sight:
At last her flowing eyes
were ancored fast on him,
Who for her sake dyd banishe health
and fredome from eche limme,
He in her sight did seeme
to passe the rest as farre
As Phoebus shining beames do passe
the brightnes of a starre.
In wayte laye warlike loue
with golden bowe and shaft,
And to his eare with steady hand
the bowstring vp he rast.
Till now she had escapde
his sharpe inflaming darte;
Till now he listed hot assaulte
her yong and tender hart.
His whetted arrow loosde,
so touchd her to the quicke;
That through the eye it strake the hart,
and there the hedde did sticke.

It booted

The Tragical history.

It booted not to striue,
for why, she wanted strength:
The weaker aye onto the strong
of force must yeld at length.
The pomps now of the feast
her heart gyns to despysse:
And onely ioyeth when her eyen
meete with her louers eyes.
When theyr new smitten heartes
had fed on loving gleames:
Whilst passing too and fro theyr eyes
yngled were theyr beames. 26
Ecche of these louers gan
by others lookes to knosc:
That frendship in their herte had roote,
and both wuld haue it grow.
When thus in both theyr hartes
had Cupide made his breache:
And ecche of them had sought the meane
to end the sturre by speache.
Dame Fortune did assent
theyr purpose to aduaunce:
With torche in hand a comly knight
did fetch her soorth to daunce.
She quyt her selfe so well,
and with so trim a grace:
That she the cheefe prayse wan that night
from all Verona race.
The whilste our Romeus,
a place had warely wonne:
Rye to the seate where she must sit,
the daunce once beyng donne.
Fayre Juliet tourned to,
her chayre with pleasant cheere:
And glad she was her Romeus
approched was so neere.

Et

At thone side of her chayre,
her louer Romeo:
And on the other side there sat
one tall Mercutio.
A courtier that eche where
was highip had in p̄ce:
For he was coorteous of his ipeche,
and pleasant of devise.
Euen as a Lyon would
emong the lambes be holde:
Such was emong the bashfull maydes,
Mercutio to beholde.
With frendly gripe he ceasd
fayne Juliects snowwh hand:
A gyft he had that nature gaue
him in his swathing band.
That frozen mountayne yse
was never halfe so cold
As were his handes, though nere so neet
the fire he dyd them holde.
As soone as had the knyght
the byrgins right hand caught:
Within his trembling hand her left
hath louing Romeo caught.
For he wist well himselfe
for her abode most payne:
And well he wist she loued him best,
vnles she list to fayne.
Then she with tender hand
his tender palme hath prest:
What joy trow you Iwas grased so
in Romeos clouen breit?
The soudain sweete delight
hath stopped quite his tong:
He can he claime of her his right,
ne craue redresse of wrong.

Buc

The Tragical history.

But she espyd straight waye
by chaunging of his hewe
From pale to red, from red to pale,
and so from pale anewe:
That vehement loue was cause,
Why so his tong dyd stay:
And so much more she longde to heare
What loue could teache him saye.
When she had longed long,
and he long held his peace,
End her desire of hearing him,
by sylence dyd encrease.
At last with trembling voyce
and shamefast chere, the mayde
Unto her Romeus tournde her selfe,
and thus to him she sayde.
O blessed be the time
of thy arriuall here:
But ere she could speake forth the rest,
to her loue drewe so nere:
And so within her mouth,
her tong he glewed fast,
That no one woord could scape her more,
then what already past.
In great contented ease
the yong man straight is rapt,
What chaunce (of he) vnware to me
O lady myne is hapt:
That geues you worthy cause,
my cumming here to blisse:
Fayre Juliet was come agayne
vnto her selfe by this.
First ruthfullly she lookd,
then sayd with smylyng cheere:
Peruayle no whit my heartes delight,
my onely knyght and fere.

Percus

Mercutious ysy hande
had all to frosen myne.
And of thy goodnes thou agayne
hast warmed it with thine.
Whereto with stayed brow,
gau Romeo to replye
If so the gods haue graunted me,
suche sauour from the s kye,
That by my being here,
some seruice I haue donne
That pleaseth you I am as glad,
as I a realme had wonne,
7
O wel bessowed tyme.
that hath the happy fyre,
Whch I woulde wysh if I might haue,
my swished harts desire.
For I of God woulde craue,
as pypse of paynes forpast.
To serue, obey and honor you,
so long as lyse shall last.
As proofo shall teache you playne,
if that you like to trye
His salties truth, that nill soz ought,
vnto his lady lye.
But if my tooched hand,
haue warmed yours some dele
Assure your self the heat is colde,
which in your hand you fele.
Compard to suche quick sparks
and glowing furious gleade
As from your bewties pleasant cyne,
loue caused to proceade.
Whch haue so set on fyre,
eche feling parte of myne.
That lo, my mynde doeth melt awaye:
my bswerd parts doe pyne.

The Tragical history

And but you helpe all whole,
to alhes shall I too:ne:
Wherfore(alas) haue ruth on him,
whom you do force to boorne.
Caen with his ended tale,
the torches daunce had ende,
And Juliet of force must part
from her new chosen frend.
His hand she clasped hard,
and all her partes did shake:
When lay sureles with whispring boyce
thus did she aunswer make.
You are no more your owne
(deare frend)then I am yours
(My honor sau'd) prest to bay
your will, while life endures.
Lo here the lucky lot
that sild true louers finde:
Eche takes awaie the others hart,
and leaues the owne behinde.
A happy life is loue
if God graunt from aboue,
That hart with hart by eu'en waight
doo make exchaunge of loue.
But Romeois gone from her,
his heart for care is colde:
He hath forgot to aske her name
that hath his hart in holde.
With forged careles cheere,
of one he seekes to knowe,
Both how she hight, and whence she camme,
that him enchaunted so.
So hath he learn'd her name,
and knowth she is no geast.
Her father was a Capilet,
and master of the feast.

Thus

of Romæus and Juliet. F. 10.

Thus hath his soe in choyse
to geue him lyfe or death:
That scarcely can his wofull brest
keepe in the lively breath.
Wherfore with piteous plaint
fierce Fortune doth he blame:
That in his ruth and wretched plight
doth seeke her laughing game.
And he reproueth loue,
cheefe cause of his brest:
Whoso ease and freedome hath exilte
out of his youthfull brest.
Wyse hath he made him serue,
hopeles of his rewarde:
Of both the ylles to choose the lesse,
I weene the choyse were harde.
First to a ruthlesse one
he made him sue for grace:
And now with spurre he forceth him
to conne an endles race.
Amyd these stormy seas
one ancor doth him holde,
He serueth not a cruell one,
as he had done of olde.
And therfore is content,
and chooseth still to serue:
Though hap shold sware that guerdonles
the wretched wight shold sterue.
The lot of Tantalus
is Romæus lyke to thine
For want of foode amid his foode,
the myser styll doth pine.
As carefull was the mayde
what way were best devise
To learne his name, that intartaind
her in so gentle wise.

B. ss.

W

The Tragical history

Of whome her hart received
so deepe, so wyde a wounde,
An auncient dame she calde to her,
and in her care gan rounde.
This olde dame in her youth,
had nurst her wth her mylke,
With slender neddle taught her sow,
and hwo to spin with silke.
What swayne are those (quoth she)
which prease unto the doore,
Whose pages in theyr hand doe beare,
two tooches light before.
And then as eche of them
had of his housshould name,
So she him namde yet once agayne
the yong and wylly daine.
And tell me who is he
with vysor in his hand
That vender doth in masking swede
besyde the window stand.
His name is Romeo
(sayd she) a Montegewe.
Whose fathers pryde first syrd the scife
which both your houssholdes rewe.
The woord of Montegewe,
her ioyes did ouerthroln,
And straight in steade of happy hope,
dyspayre began to growe.
What hap haue I quoth she,
to loue my fathers foe?
What, am I wery of my wele?
What, doe I wishe my woe?
But though her grieuous paynes
distraind her tender hart,
Yet with an outward shewe of ioye
She cloked inward smart.

And

And of the courtlyke dames
her leauē so courtly tooke,
That none dyd gesse the sodain change
by changing of her looke.
Then at her mothers brest
to chamber she her hyde
So well she faynde, mother ne nurce;
the hidden harme descrive.
But when she shold haue slept
as wont she was, in bed,
Not halse a winke of quiet slepe
could harber in her hed.
For loe, an hugy heape
of dyuers thoughtes arise
That rest haue banisht from her hart,
and slumber from her eyes,
And now from side to side
she tosseth and she turnes,
And now so feare she shuereth,
and now so loue she burns.
And now she lykes her choyse,
and now her choyse she blames,
And now eche houre within her head,
a thousand fansies fraines
Sometime in mynde to stop,
amyd her course begonne
Sometime she bowes what so betyde,
that tempted race to ronne.
This dangers dred and loue,
within swē mayden fought,
The fight was feerce continuing long
by their contrary thought.
In tourning mase of loue
she wandreth too and fro,
Then standeth doutfull what to doe,
last ouerprest with woe.

The Tragical history

How so her fancies cease,
her teares dyd never blyn,
With heauy cheere and swinged hands,
thus doth her plaint begyn.
Ah sily foole quoth she)
ye caught in soottill snare:
Ah wretched wench be wrapt in woe,
ah caytife clad with care.
Whence come these wandring thoughtes
to thy vncoustant brest?
By straying thus from raysons loue,
that reue thy wonted rest.
What if his suttell brayne,
to sayne haue taught his tonge?
And so the snake that lurkes in grasse,
thy tender hart hath stonge?
What if with frendly speache
the traytor lye in wayte?
As oft the poysond hooke is hid,
wrapt in the pleasant bayte?
Oft vnder cloke of truth,
hath falshod serued her lust:
And tooond theyr honoꝝ into shame,
that did so lightly trust.
What was not Dido so,
accouned Queene defam'd?
And eke for such an heynous cryme,
haue men not Theseus blam'd?
A thousand stories more,
to teache me to beware:
In Boccace, and in Quids bookeſ
too playnely written are,
Perhaps the great reuenge
he cannot woanke by strength:
By suttel sleight (my honor staynde)
he hopes to woanke at length.

So shall I seeke to finde
my fathers foe his game:
So I befylde, report shall take
her trompe of blacke defame.
Whence she with puffed cheeke
Shall blowe a blast so shill
Of my dispayse, that with the noyse
Verona shall she fill.
Then I a laughing stocke
through all the towne becomme:
Shall hide my selfe, but not my shame,
Within an hollowe toombe.
Straight vnderneath her foote,
She treadeth in the dust
Her troublesom thought as wholy bathe,
yzed of sond distrust.
No no by God aboue,
I wot it well quoth shee,
Although I rashely spake before,
In no wise can it bee.
That where such perfet shape,
With pleasant bewty restes:
There crooked craft and trayson blacke,
Should be appoynted gesse.
Sage wryters say, the thoughts
are dwelling in the eyne:
Then sure I am as Cupid raignes
that Romeus is myne.
The tong the messenger,
eke call they of the mynd:
So that I see he loueth me,
Shall I then be vnynd:
His faces rosy hew,
I saw full oft to seeke:
And straight againe it flashed soorth,
and sped in eyther cheeke.

The Tragical history

His fyred heauenly cyne,
that through me quite did perce
His thoughts vnto my hart, my thought
they seemed to rehearce.
Whan hat ment his foltring tunge,
In telling of his tale:
The trembling of his ioynts and eke
his cooler waren pale:
And whilsi I talke with him,
Hym self he hath exylde,
Out of him self (as seemed me)
ne was I sure begylde.
Those arguments of loue,
craft wrate not in his face
But natures hande when all deceyfe,
Was banisched out of place
What other certain signes
seke I of his good wil?
These doo suffise, and stedfast I
will loue and serue hym still.
Till Atropos shall cut,
my fatall thread of lyfe,
So that he mynde to make of me
his lawfull wedded wyfe.
For so perchance this new
aliance may procure
Unto our houses such a peace
as euer shall endure
Oh how we can perswade,
our self to what we like
And how we can diswade our mynd,
if ought our mynd misyke.
Weak arguments are stronge,
our fancies streyght to frame,
To pleasing things, and eke to shonne,
if we misike the same.

The

of Romeus and Juliet. Fo. 13.

The mayde had scarcely yet
ended the wery narre,
Lept in her heart by striuing thoughtes
When every shining starre
Had payd his borrowed light,
and Phebus spred in skies
His golden raves, which seemd to say:
now time it is to rise.
And Romeus had by this
forsaken his wery bed:
Wher restles he a thousand thoughts
had forged in his hed.
And while with linging step
by Juliets houise he past:
End upward to her windowes high
his greedy eyes did cast:
His loue that looked for him,
there gan he straight espie,
With pleasant cheere eche greeted is,
She followeth with her eye
His parting steppes, and he
oft looketh backe againe:
But not so oft as he desyres,
warely he doth refraine.
What life were lyke to loue,
if dred of ieopardy,
Pswred not the sweete, if loue
were free from ielosy.
But she more sure within,
viseene of any wight,
When so he comes, looks after him,
till he be out of sight.
In often passing so,
his busy eyes he threw,
That euery pane and footing hole
the wily leuer knew.

3n h^r

The Tragical History.

In happy houre he doth
a garden plot espie:
From which except he warely walke,
men may his loue descrye.
For lo, it fronted full,
Upon her leaning place:
Where she is wont to shew her heart
by cheerefull frendly face.
And lest the arboz might
theyr secret loue bewraye:
He doth keepe backe his forward foote
from passing there by daye.
But when on earth the night
her mantel blacke hath spred:
Well arm'd he walketh foorth alone,
ne dreadfull foes doth dred.
Whom maketh loue not bold,
naye whom makes he not blynde?
He reueth daungers dread oft times
out of the loues minde.
By night he passeth here,
a weeke or two in bayne:
And for the missing of his marke,
his griefe hath him nye slaine.
And Juliet that now
both lacke her hearts releefe:
Her Romeo pleasant eyen (I incene)
is almost dead for greefe.
Eche day she chaungeth howres,
(for louers keepe an howre)
When they are sure to see theyr loue
in passing by their howre.
Impatient of her woe,
she hapt to leane one night
Within her window, and anon
the Moone did shine so bright.

That

What she espyde her loue,
 her hart reviued, sprang,
 And new for joy she clappes her handes,
 which erst for woe she w^ang.
 Eke Romeus when he sawe
 his long desired sight:
 His mooring cloke of mone cast of,
 hath cladi him with delight.
 Yet dare I say, of both,
 that she rejoyced more:
 His care was great, hers twise as great,
 was all the tyme before:
 For whilst she knew not why
 he dyd himselfe absent:
 Ay douting both his health and lyfe,
 his death she dyd lament.
 For loue is fearefull oft,
 where is no cause of feare:
 And what loue feares, that loue lamens,
 as though it chaunced weare.
 Of greater cause alway
 is greater woanke ybred:
 While he nought douteth of her helth,
 she dreads lest he be ded.
 When onely absence is
 the cause of Romeus smart:
 By happy hope of sight agayne
 he seedes his faynting hart.
 What wonder then if he
 were wrapt in lesse annoye?
 What maruell if by sodain sight
 she fed of greater ioye:
 His smaller greele or toy,
 no smaller loue doo proue:
 Ne for she passed him in both,
 did she him passe in loue.

The Tragical History.

But eche of them alike
dyd barne in equall flame:
The welbelouing knight, and eke
the welbeloued dame.
Now whilſt with bitter teares
her eyes as fountaynes ronne:
With whispering voyce ybroke with sobe,
thus is her tale begonne.
Oh Romeo (of your lyfe)
too lauas sure you are:
That in this place, and at thys tyme
to hazard it you dare.
What if your devly foes
my kynsmen, saw you here?
Lyke Lyons bylde, your tender partes
a sonder woulde they teare.
In ruth and in disdayne,
I weary of my lyfe:
With cruell hand my mooring hart
would perce with bloudy knyfe.
For you myne owne once dead,
what ioy shoulde I haue heare?
And eke my honor staptē which I
then lyfe doe holde more deare.
Fayre lady myne dame Juliet
my lyfe (quod he)
Cuen from my byrth committed was
to fatall sisters three.
They may in spyte of foes,
draw foorth my lively threed:
And they also, who so sayth nay,
a sonder may it shreed.
But who to reave my lyfe,
his rage and force would bende:
Perhaps should trye vnto his payne
how I it could defende.

of Romeo and Juliet. F. 15

He yet I loue it so,
but alwayes for your sake,
A sacrifice to death I would
my wounded corps betake.
If my mishappe were such,
that here before your sight,
I Should restore agayne to death,
of lyfe my borowde light:
This one thing and no more
my parting sprite would rewe:
That part he shold, before that you
by certaine triall knew
The loue I owe to you,
the thrall I languish in:
And how I dread to loose the gayne
which I doe hope to win.
And holw I wishe for lyfe,
not for my propre ease:
But that in it, you might I loue,
you honor, serue and please.
I'll dedyng pangs the sprite
out of the corps shall send:
And therupon he shal an othe,
and so his tale had ende.
Now loue and pitty boyle,
in Julies ruthfull brest,
In windowe on her leaning arme,
her weary hed doth rest.
Her bosome bathd in teares,
to witnes inward payne:
With dreary chere to Romeo,
thus aunswerd she agayne.
Ah my deere Romeo,
keepe in these wordes (quod she)
For lo, the thought of such mischaunce,
already maketh me

F. 15

The Tragical history.

For pity and for dred,
welnigh to yelde vp bzeath:
In eu'en ballance peyzed are
ny life and eke my death.
For so my hart is knitte,
yea, made one selfe with yours:
That sure there is no greefe so small,
by which your mynde endures.
Wat as you suffer Payne,
so I doe beare in part:
(Although it lessens not your greefe)
the halfe of all your smart.
But these thinges ouerpasse,
if of your health and myne
You haue respect, or pity dought
my teary weeping eyen:
In few vnfained Woods,
your hidden mynd vnsoldre,
That as I see your pleasant face,
your heart I may beholde.
For if you doe intende
my honor to defile:
In error shall you wander still
as you haue done this whyle,
But if your thought be chaste,
and haue on vertue ground,
If wedlocke be' the ende and marke
which your desire hath found:
Obedience set aside,
vnto my parentes deede:
The quarell eke that long agoe
betwene our housholdes grefoe:
Both me and myne I will
all whole to you betake:
And following you where so you goe,
my fathers house forsake.

Act

of Romeus and Juliet. Fo. 16

But if by wanton loue,
and by vnlawfull fate.
You thinke in ripest yeres to plucke
my maydenhods dainty frute:
You are begylde, and now
your Juliet you be seekes
To cease your sute, and suffer her
to liue emong her likes.
Then Romeus, whose thought
was free from fowle desyre:
And to the top of vertues haight,
did worthely aspyre:
Was fild with greater ioy
then can my pen expresse:
O till they haue enyrd the like
the hearers hart can gesse.
And then with ioyned hands
heaud vp into the skies:
He thankes the Gods, and from the heauens
for vengeance downe he cries.
If he haue other thought,
but as his lady spake:
And then his looke he tooznd to her,
and thus did aunswere make.
Since Lady that you like
to honor me so much,
As to accept me for your spouse,
I yeld my selfe for such.
In true witness wherof,
because I must depart,
Till that my deede do proue my woord,
I leaue in palme my hart.
To morow eke betimes.
before the sunne arise:
To fryer Lawrence will I wende,
to learne his sage advise.

He is

The Tragical history.

He is my gosly syre,
and oft he hath me taught
What I shold doe in thingz of wayght,
when I his ayde haue sought.
And at this selfe same houre,
I plyte you here my sayth:
I wil be here (if you thinke good)
to tell you what he sayth.
She was contented well,
els fauour found he none,
That night at lady Julies hand,
saue pleasant woordes alone.
This barefoote fryer gyrt,
with cord his grayish weede,
For he of Frauncis order was,
a fryer as Freede,
Not as the most was he,
a grosse vnlearned soole:
But doctor of diuinitie
proceeded he in schoole.
The secrete eke he knew,
in natures woorkes that loorke:
By magiks arte most men supposd
that he could wonders woorke.
He doth it ill beseeme
deuines those skils to know:
If on no harmefull deede they do
such skilfulnes bestow.
For iustly of no arte
can men condennie the vse:
But right and reasons loze crye out
against the lewd abuse.
The bounty of the fryer
and wisdom hath so wonne
Theis wnes folks herte, that welnigh all
to fryer Lawrence ronne.

To

of Romeus and Juliet. F. o. 17.

To shrieve them selfe the olde,
the yong, the great and small:
Of all he is beloved well,
and honord much of all.
And soz he did the rest
in wisdome farre excede:
The prince by him (his counsell craude)
was holpe at time of neede.
Betwixt the Capilets
and him great frendship gretit
A secret and assured frend
vnto the Montegue.
Loued of this yong man more
then any other gest,
The frier eke of Verone youth,
aye liked Romeus best.
For whom he euer hath
in time of his distres:
(As erst you heard) by skilfull loze,
sound out his harmes redresse.
To him is Romeus gonie,
ne stayth he till the morowe:
To him he paynteth all his case,
his passed ioy and sorow.
How he hath her espyde
with other dames in daunce,
And how that first to talke with her,
himselfe he did aduaunce.
Their talke and change of lookes
he gan to him declare:
And how so fast by fayth and troth
they both ycoupled are.
That neither hope of lyfe,
nor drede of cruel death,
Shall make him false his fayth to her
while lyfe shall lend him breathe.

C. J.

And

The Tragical history

And then with weping eyes
he prayes his godly syre
To further and accomplish all
theyr honest hartes desire.
A thousand doutes and moe
in thold mans hed arose:
A thousand daungers like to come,
the olde man doth disclose.
And from the spousall rites
he readeth him refrayne:
Perhaps he shalbe bet aduisde
within a wcekere or twayne.
Aduise is banisched quite
from those that followe loue,
Except aduise to what they like
theyr bending mynde do moue.
As well the father might
haue counseld him to stay
That from a mountaines top thrown downe,
is falling halfe the way:
As warne his frend to stop,
ainyd his race begonne,
Whom Cupid with his smarting whip
enforceþ soorth to ronne.
Part wonne by earnest sute,
the fryer doth graunt at last:
And part, because he thinkes the somes
so lately overpast,
Of both the housholdes wrath:
this mariage might apease,
So that they shoulde not rage agayne,
but quite for euer cease.
The respite of a day,
he asketh to deuyse:
What way were best unknowne to ende
so great an enterprize.

The

The wounded man that now
doth deadly paines endure:
Scarce patient tarrieth whilst his leechē
doth make the salue to cure.
So Romeo hardly graunts
a shor̄t day and a night,
Pet nedes he must, els must he want
his onely hearts delight.
Pou see that Romeo
no tyme or payne doth spare:
Thinke that the whilst sayre Juliet
is not deuoyde of care.
Pong Romeo powret hooorth
his hap and his mishap,
Into the sciers brest, but where
shall Juliet unwrap
The secreteſ of her hart?
to whom shall ſhe unfolde,
Pet hiddeſ burning loue, and eke
her thought and cares ſo colde.
The nurce of whom I ſpake
within her chaumber laye:
Upon the mayde ſhe wayteth ſill,
to her ſhe doth beway
Pet new receiued he und,
and then her ayde doth craue:
In her ſhe ſaith it lyes to spill,
in her her life to ſauue.
Pet eaſely ſhe made
the froward nurce to bowe:
But wonne at length, with promeſt byre
She made a ſolemne bowe.
To do what ſhe commaundes,
as handmayd of her best:
Pet miſtres ſecrets hide ſhe will,
within her couert brest.

A The Tragical history.

To Romeus she goes
of him she doth desyre,
To know the meane of mariage
by councell of the syre.
On Saterday quod he,
if Juliet come to shrifft,
She shalbe shriued and maried,
how lyke you noorse this drift?
Now by my truth (quod she)
gods blessing haue your hart:
For yet in all my life I haue
not heard of such a part.
Lord how you yong men can
such crafty wiles devise,
If that you loue the daughter well
to bleare the mothers eyes.
An easy thing it is,
with croke of holines,
To mocke the sely mother that
suspecteth nothing lesse
But that it pleased you
to tell me of the case.
For all my many yeres perhaps,
I shou'd haue found it scarce.
Now for the rest let me
and Juliet alone;
To get her leauue some feate excuse
I will devise anone.
For that her golden lockes
by sloth haue been unkempt:
Or for unwares some wanton dreame
the youthfull damsell drempt,
Or for in thoughts of loue
her ydel time she spent:
Or otherwise within her hart
deserued to be shent.
I know

of Romens and Iuliet. Fo. 19.

I know her mother will
in no case say her nay:
I warrant you she shall not sayle
to come on Saterday.
And then she sweares to him,
the mother loues her well:
And how she gaue her sucke in youth
she leaueth not to tell.
A pretty babe (quod she)
it was when it was yong:
Lord how it could full pretely
haue prated with it tong.
A thousand times and more
I laid her on my lappe,
And clapt her on the buttocke soft
and kiss where I did clapte.
And gladder then was I
of such a kisse forsooth:
Then I had been to haue a kisse
of some olde lechers mouth.
And thus of Juliets youth
began this prating noorse,
And of her present state to make
a tedious long discouse.
For though he pleasure tooke
in hearing of his loue:
The message aunswere seemed him
to be of more behoue.
But when these Weldams sit
at ease vpon theyr tayle:
The day and eke the candle light
before theyr talke shall sayle.
And part they say is true,
and part they do devise:
Yet boldly do they that of bath
when no man checkes theyr yes.

C. iii. Then

The Tragical history

When he vi. crownes of gold
out of his pocket drew:
And gave them her, a slight reward
(quod he) and so adiew.
In seven yeres twise tolde
She had not bowd so lowe,
Her crooked knees, as now they bowe,
She sweares she will bestowe,
Her crafty wit, her time,
and all her busy payne,
To helpe him to his hoped blisse,
and cowring downe agayne:
She takes her leaue, and home
She hys with spedye pace:
The chaunber doore she shuts, and then
She saith with shynylling face.
Good newes for thee my gyrtle,
good tidinges I thee bring:
Leaue of thy swonted song of care
and now of pleasure sing.
For thou mayst hold thy selfe
the happiest vnder sonne:
That in so little while, so well
so worthy a knight hast wonne.
The best yshapde is he,
and hath the fayrest face,
Of all this towne, and there is none
hath halfe so good a grace.
So gentle of his speche,
and of his counsell wise:
End still with many prayses more
she heaved him to the skies.
Tell me els what(quod she)
this evermore I thought:
But of our mariage say at once,
What aunswere have you brought?

say

of Romeus and Juliet. Fo.20.

Play soft quoth she, I feare,
your hart by sodain ioye:
I list not play quoth Juliet,
although thou list to toye.
How glad crow you was she,
when she had heard her say:
No farther of then Saterday,
differred was the day.
Againe the auncient nurce
doth speake of Romeus,
And then (said she) he spake to me,
and then I spake him thus.
Nothing was done or said,
that she hath left vntolde,
Haue onely one, that she forgot
the taking of the golde.
There is no losse quod she,
(sweete wench) to losse of time:
Be in thine age shalt thou repent
so much of any crime.
For when I call to mynde,
my former passed youth:
One thing there is which most of all
doth cause my endles ruth.
At sixtene yeres I first
did choose my louing feere:
And I was fully ripe before,
(I dare well say) a yere.
The pleasure that I lost,
that yere so ouerpast:
A thousand times I haue bewept,
and shall while lyfe doth last,
In sayth it were a shame,
yea sinne it were ywiss,
When thou mayst liue in happy soy
to set light by thy blisse.

C.iii.

she

The Tragical history.

She that this morning could
her mistres mynde dissuade,
Is now becomme an D^ratresse,
her lady to perswade.

B If any man be here
Whom loue hath clad with care;
To him I speake, if thou wilt spede,
thy purse thou must not spare.
Two sortes of men there are,
seeld welcome in at doore:
The welthy sparing nlgard, and
the sutor that is poore,
For glittering gold is woonk
by kynd to mooue the hart;
And often times a slight rewarde
doth cause a more desart.
I written haue I red,
I wot not in what booke;
There is no better way to fishe,
then with a golden hooke.
Of Komeus these two,
doe sitte and chat a while,
And to them selfe they laugh, how they
the mother shall begyle.
A seate excuse they finde,
but sure I know it not:
And leaue for her to goe to shrist
on Saterday the got.
So well this Juliet,
this wyly wench dyd know
Her mothers angry houres, and eke
the true bent of her bowe,
The Saterday batimes
in sober weede yclad,
She tooke her leaue, and forth she went
with visage graue and sad.

With

With her the nurce is sent
as byadle of her lust:
With her the mother sendes a mayde,
almost of equall trust.
Betwixt her teety the bytte,
the Janet now hath coughs:
So warely eke the byrgin walkes
her mayde perceiueth noughe.
She gasheth not in churche,
on yong men of the towne:
She swandreth she from place to place,
but straight she kneleth downe
Upon an alters step,
where she devoutly prayes:
And there vpon her tender knees
the wery lady stayes:
Whilst she doth send her mayde
thes certaine truth to know,
If scyer Lawrence laysure had,
to heare her shifft, or no.
Out of his shewing place
he commes with pleasant cheere:
The shamefast mayde with bashfull brayne
to himward draweth neere.
Some great offence (or he)
you haue committed late:
Perhaps you haue displeasd your friend,
by gowing him a mate.
Then turning to the nurce,
and to the other mayde:
Goe heare a masse or two quod he,
which straight way shalbe sayde.
For her confession heard,
I will unto you swayne
The charge that I receynd of you,
refuge to you agayne.

What

The Tragical History.

What was not Juliet
trow you right well aparde?
That for this trusty fryre hath chaungde
her yong mistrusling mayde:
I dare well say there is
in all Verona none:
But Romeo, with whom she would
so gladly be alone.
Thus to the fryers cell,
they both sooth walked bin:
He shuts the doore as soone as he
and Juliet were in.
But Romeo her frend
was entred in before:
And there had wayted for his loue,
two houres large and mox.
Eche minute seemde an houre,
and every houre a day:
Twixt hope he liued and despayre,
of cumming or of stay.
Both wauering hope and feare,
are quite fled out of sight.
For what he hopde he hath at hande
his pleasant chreefe delight.
And soyfull Juliet
is healde of all her smart:
For now the rest of all her parts,
haue found her straying hart.
Both they confessions first
the fryer hath heard them make:
And then to her with lowder boyce
thus fryer Lawrence spake.
Fayre lady Juliet
my godly doughter deere:
As farre as I of Romeos learne
Who by you standeth here:

Twixt

Twirt you it is agreed
that you shalbe his wyfe:
And he your spouse in steady truth
till death shall end your life.
Are you both fully bent
to kepe this great behess?
And both the louers laid it was
theyr onely harts request.
When he did see theyr myndes
in linkes of loue so fast:
When in the prayse of wedlocks state
somme faylfull talke was past,
When he had told at length
the wife what was her due:
His duety eke by gostly talke
the youthfull husband knew.
How that the wife in loue
must honor and obey:
What loue and honor he doth owe,
and dette that he must pay.
The woords pronounced were
which holy church of olde
Appointed hath for mariage:
and she a ring of golde
Received of Romeus:
and then they both arose.
To whom the frier then said, perchaunce
a part you will disclose
Betwixt your selfe alone
the bottome of your hart:
Say on at once, for time it is
that hence you should depart.
Then Romeus said to her,
(both loth to part so soone:)
Sayre lady send to me agayne
your nurce this after noone.

The Tragical history.

Of corde I will bespeakē,
a ladder by that time:
By whiche, this night, while other sleepe,
I will your window clime.
Then will we talke of loue,
and of our olde dispayres:
And then with longer laysure had,
dispose our great affaires.
These said, they kisse, and then
part to theyr fathers house:
The joyfull bryde unto her shome,
to his eke goth the spouse.
Contented both, and yet
both uncontented still:
Till night and Venus child, geue leaue
the wedding to fulfill.
The painfull souldiour soye
ybet with very warre:
The merchant eke that nedefull things
doth dred to fetch from farre:
The plowman that for doute
of feerce invading foes,
Rather to sit in ydle ease
then sowe his tilt hath chose:
Reioyce to heare proclaymd
the tydinges of the peace:
Not pleasurd with the sound so much:
but when the warres do cease.
Then ceased are the harmes
which cruell warre bringes foorth.
The merchant then may boldly fetch,
his wares of precious wooorth.
Dredelesse the husband man
doth till his fertile feeld:
For welth her mate, not for her selfe,
is peace so precious held.

So louers live incare,
in dread, and in vnrest:
And dedly warre by striuing thoughts
they kepe within their brest.
But wedlocke is the peace
Wherby is freedome wonne,
To do a thousand pleasant thinges
that shold not els be donne.
The newnes of ended warre
the. e two haue hard with ioy:
But now they long the fruite of peace
with pleasure to enjoy.
In stormy wind and waue,
in daunger to be lost:
Thy stearles ship (O Romeus)
hath been long while betost.
The seas are now appeasd,
and thou by happy starre
Art commen in sight of quiet hauen:
and now the wrackfull barre
Is hid with swelling tyde,
boldly thou mayst resort
Unto thy wedded ladies bed,
thy long desyred port.
God graunt no follies mist
so dymme thy inward sight,
That thou do misse the chanell, that
doth leade to thy delight.
God graunt no daungers rockes
ylurking in the darke
Before thou win the happy port
wracke thy sea beaten barkes.
A seruant Romeus had,
of woord and deede so fust:
That with his life (if nede required)
his master woulde him trust,

The Tragical history.

His faufulness had oft
our Romeus proued of olde
And therfore all that yet was done
vnto his man he tolde.
Who straight as he was charged,
a corden ladder lookes:
To which he hath made fast two strong
and crooked yron hookes.
The bryde to send the nurse
at twylight sayleth not:
To whom the bridegrooms peuen hath,
the ladder that he got.
And then to watch for him
appointeth her an houre:
For whether Fortune smyle on him,
or if she list to lowre,
He will not misse to come
to his appoynted place,
Where wont he was to take by stelth
the view of Julies face.
How long these louers thought
the lasting of the day,
Let other judge that wooned are
lyke passions to assay.
For my part, I do gesse
eche houre seemes th' eny pere;
So that I deeme if they might haue
(as of Alcunre we heare)
The sunne bond to theyr will,
If they the heauens might gyde:
Black shade of night and doubled darke
Should straight all ouer hyde.
Th appoynted houre is come,
he clad in riche araye,
Walkes toward his desyred home,
good Fortune gyde his way.

Appre,

Approching nere the place
from whence his hart hadisse:
So light he wox, he lept the wall,
and there he spydē his wife.
Who in the windewe watcht
the cumming of her lordē:
Wherē she so surely had made fast
the ladder made of corde:
That daungerles her spouse
the chaumber window climes,
Wherē he ere then had wist himselfe
aboue ten thousand times.
The windowes close are shut,
els looke they for no gest,
To light the waren quarters,
the auncient nurce is prest.
Which Juliet had before
prepared to be light,
That she at pleasure might beholde
her husbandes belty bright.
A Carchef white as snowe,
ware Juliet on her bed,
Such as she wanted was to weare,
attyre meete for the bed.
As soone as she him spydē,
about his necke she clong:
And by her long and slender armes
a great while there she hong.
A thousand times she kiss,
and him unkiss agayne:
He could she speake a woord to hym
though wold she nere so sayne.
And like betwixt his armes
to saynt his ladyis:
She flettes a sigh, and clappeth close
her closed mouth to his.

End

The Tragical history.

And ready then to solvnde
She looked ruthfully:
That loe, it made him both at once
to lise and eke to dye.
These piteous painfull panges
were haply ouerpast:
And she vnto her selfe agayne
returned home at last.
Then through her troubled brest,
even from the farthest part,
An hollow sigh, a messenger
she sendeth from her hart.
O Romeoas quoth she,
in whome all vertues shyne:
Welcome thou art into this place
Where from these eyes of myne,
Such teary stremes dyd flowe,
that I suppose welme
The source of all my bitter teares
is altogether drie.
Absence so pynde my heart,
which on thy presence fed:
And of thy safetie and thy health
so much I stood in dred.
But now what is decreed
by fatal destiny:
I force it not, let Fortune do
and death their woorst to me.
Full recompensd am I
for all my passed harmes,
In that the Gods haue graunted me
to clasp thee in myne armes.
The christall teares began
to stand in Romoeas eyes,
when he vnto his ladies woodes
gan answere in this wise.

Though

Though cruell Fortune be
so much my dedly foe:
That I ne can by liuely proofer
cause thee (fayre dame) to knowe
How much I am by loue
enthralled vnto thee:
Pe yet what mighty powre thou hast
by thy desert on me.
Pe tormentes that for thee
I did ere this endure:
Yet of thus much (ne will I sayne)
I may thee well assure.
The least of many paynes
which of thy absence sprong:
More painefull then death it selfe
my tender hart hath wroong.
Ere this one death had reft
a thousand deathes awaie:
But lyfe prolonged was by hope,
of this desired day.
Whiche so iust tribute payes
of all my passed mone:
That I as well contented am,
as if my selfe alone
Did from the Ocean reigne
vnto the sea of Inde:
Wherfore now let vs wipe away
eld cares out of our mynde.
For as the wretched state
is now redrest at last,
So is it skill behinde our backe
the cursed care to cast.
Since Fortune of her grace
hath place and time assinde
Wher we with pleasure may content
our vncontented minde.

D.S.

In

The Tragical history.

In Lethe's hyde we deepe
all greefe and all annoy,
Whilſt we do bath in blisse, and fill
our hungry harts with ioye.
End for the time to come,
let be our busy care:
So wſely to direct our loue
as no wight els be ware.
Lest eniuious foes by force
despoyle our new delight,
And vs throuwe backe from happy ſtate
to more vnhappy plight.
Fayre Juliet began
to aunſwere what he ſayde:
But foorth in hast the olde nurce ſept,
and ſo her aunſwere ſayde.
Who takes not time (quoth ſhe)
when time well offred is,
In other time ſhall ſeeke for time,
and yet of time ſhall miſſe.
And when occation ſerues,
who ſo doth let it ſlippe,
Is worthy ſure (if I might iudge)
of laſhes with a whippe.
Wherfore, if eche of you
hath harmde the other ſo,
And eche of you hath been the cauſe
of others wauld woe,
Loe here a fiede, (ſhe ſhed
a fiedbed ready dight)
Wher you may, if you liſt, in armes,
reuenge your ſelfe by fight.
Wherto theſe louers both
gan eaſely aſſent,
And to the place of mylde reuenge
with pleasant cheere they went.

Wher

of Romeus and Juliet. Fo. 26.

Where they were left alone,
the nurse is gone to rest:
How can this be: they restles lye,
ne yet they feele vncert.
I graunt that I enuie
the blisse they liued in:
Oh that I might haue found the like:
I wish it for no sin.
But that I might as well
with pen their ioycs depaynt,
As here before I haue displayd
their secret hidden playnt.
Of shuering care and dred,
I haue felt many a fit,
But Fortune such delight as theyrs
dyd never graunt me yet.
By prooife no certaine truth
can I vnhappy write:
But what I gesse by likelihod,
that dare I to endite.
The blyndfyld goddesse that
with frowning face doth fraye,
End from theyr seate the mighty kinges
thralves dwyne with hedlong sway:
Begynneth now to turne,
to these her singling face,
Fedes must they tast of great delight,
so much in Fortunes grace.
If Cupid, God of loue,
be God of pleasant sport,
I thinck O Romeus Mars himselfe
enuires thy happy sort.
Ne Venus lustly myght,
(as I suppose) report,
If in thy stead(O Juliet)
this pleasant time she spent.

D.ii.

Thus

The Tragical history

This passe they soorth the night
in sport, in taly game:
The hastnes of Phoebus seeds
in great despyle they blame.
And now the virgins fort
hath warlike Romeus got,
In which as yet no breache was made
by force of canon shot.
End now in ease he doth
possele the hoped place:
How glad was he, speake you that may
your louers parts embrace?
The mariage thus made by,
and both the parties please:
The nigh approche of dayes retooze
these seely foles disease.
And for they might no while
in pleasure passe theyr time,
Pe leysure had they much to blame
the hasty mornings crime:
With frendly kisse in armes
of her his leau he takes,
And euery other night to come,
a soleyme othe he makes.
By one selfe meane, and eke
to come at one selfe howre:
And so he doth till Fortune list
to salwe his sweete with sowe.
But who is he that can
his present state assure?
And say vnto himself, thy ioyes
shall yet a day endure.
So wauering Fortunes whele
her chaunge be so straunge,
And every wight ythralled is
by fate vnto her chaunge.

who

Who raignes so ouer a'l,
that eche man hath his part:
(Although not aye perchance alike)
or pleasure and of smart.

For after many ioyes,
some feele but little payne:
And from that little greefe they tooerne
to happy ioy againe.

But other somme there are,
that living long in woe,
At length they be in quiet ease,
but long abide not so.

Whose greefe is much increast
by my^rth that went before:
Because the sodayne chaunge of thinges
doth make it seeme the more.

Of this unlucky sorte
our Romeo is one
For all his hap turnes to mishap,
and all his my^rth to mone.

And ioyfull Juliet
an other leafe must tooerne:
As wont she was (her ioyes bereft)
she must begin to moorne.

The summer of their blisse,
doth last a month or twayne:
But winters blast with sped^r foote
doth bring the fall agayne.

Whom glorious fortune erst
had heaued to the skies:
By enuious fortune ouerthowne
on earth now groueling lyes.

She payd they^r former greefe
With pleasures doubled gayne:
But now for pleasures vsery
ten folde redoubleth payne.

The Tragical hystory.

The prince could never cause
those houſholds ſo agree,
But that ſome ſparkles of their wrath,
as yet remaining bee.
Whiſch lyſe thiſ whiſeraakd vp,
in aſhes pale and ded,
Till tynie do ſerue that they agayne
in waſting flame may ſped.
At holiell tynies men ſay
moſt heynous crimes are donne,
The morro we after Eaſter day
the miſchiefe new begonne,
A band of Capilets
diſmeet (my hart it rewes)
Within the walles by Purſers gate,
a band of Montagewes.
The Capilets as cheeſe,
a yong man haue choſe out:
Beſt exerciſd in feates of armes,
and nobleſt of the rowte.
Our Juliets binkles ſonne
that cliped was Tibalt:
He was of body tall and ſtrong,
and of his courage halt.
They neede no trumpet ſounde
to tyd them geue the charge,
Ho lowde he cryde with ſtrayned voce
and mouth cut ſtretched large.
New, new, (quod he) my frends,
our ſelſe ſo let vs breake,
That of thiſ dayes reuenge, and vs,
our chidzens heynes may ſpeakē.
Now once for all let vs
their ſwelling pride affwage,
Let none of them eſcape aliue,
then he with furious rage

And

of Romeo and Juliet. Fo. 28.

And they with him gaue charge,
Upon theyr present foes,
And then forthwith a syrmiȝe gret
Upon this fray arose.
For loe, the Montague wes
thought shame alway to fyre,
And rather then to liue with shame,
With prayse did choose to dye.
The woordes that Tybalt vso
to syvre his folke to yre,
Haue in the brestes of Montague
kindled a furious fyre.
With Lyons hertes they fight,
Warily themselfe defende:
To wound his foe, his present wit
and force eche one doth bend.
This furious fray is long,
on eche side stocly scught,
That whether part had got the woord
full doutfull were the thought.
The noyse hereof anon,
throughtout the towne doth fyre:
And partes are taken on euery side.
both kinreds thether hye.
Here one doth gaspe for bretv,
his frend bestrideh him,
And he hath lost a hand, and he
another mayned him.
His leg is curte whilst he
strikes at an other full:
And who he would haue thrust quyte througþ
hath cleft his cracked skull.
Theyr valiant harts forbode
theyr foote to geue the grounde,
With vnappauled cheere they tooke
full deepe and doutfull wounde.

D. iiiij. Thus

The Tragical history

Thus foote by foote long while,
and shield to shield set fast:
One foe doth make another faynt
but makes him not agast.
And whilſt this noyse is ryſe
in euery townes mans care,
Eke walking with his frendes, the noyse
doth wofull Romeus heare.
With ſpedy foote he ronnes
unto the fray apace:
With him thole ſewe that were with him
he leadeth to the place.
They pittie much to ſee
the ſlaughter made ſo greate:
That wetched they might stand in blood
on eyther ſide the ſtrete.
Part frendes (ſayd he) part frendes,
helpe frendes to part the fray:
And to the reſt, enough (he cryes)
now time it is to ſtaye.
Gods farther wrath you ſyvre,
beside the hurt you feele:
And with this new vproze confounde
all this our common wele.
But they ſo busy are
in fight ſo egar and feerce,
That through theyr eares his ſage aduife
no leysure had to pearce.
Then lept he in the throng,
to part, and barre the blowes,
As well of thole that were his frendes:
as of his dedly foes.
As ſoone as Tybalt had
our Romeus espyde:
He threw a thwift at him that would
haue paſt from ſide to ſide.

But

But Romeus euer went
(douting his foes) well armde:
So that the swerd (kept out by mayle)
hath nothing Romeus harmde.
Thou doest me wrong (quoth he)
for I but part the fraye,
Not dread, but other waighty cause
my hasty hand doth stay.
Thou art the cheeke of thine,
the noblest eke thou art:
Wherfore leave of thy malice now,
and helpe these folke to parte.
Many are hurt, some slayne,
and some are like to dyc.
No, coward traytor boy (q; he)
straight way I mynd to trye
Whether thy sugred talke,
and tong so smootely fylde:
Against the force of this my swerd
shall serue thee for a shylde.
And then at Romeus hed,
a blow he strake so hard,
That might haue cloue him to the brayne
but for his cunning ward.
It was bat lent to him
that could repay agayne:
And geue him death for interest,
a well forborne gayne.
Right as a forest boore,
that lodged in the thicke,
Pinched with dog, or els with speare
ypricked to the quicke:
His bristles stiffe upright
vpon his backe doth set,
And in his fomy mouth, his sharp
and crooked tuskes doth whet.

The Tragical history.

Or as a Lyon wylde
that rampeth in his rage,
His whelpes bereft, whose fury can
no weaker beast asswage.
Such seemed Romeus,
in euery others sight:
When he him shope, of wrong recaude
tauenge himselfe by fight.
Even as two thundersboltes,
thowne downe out of the skye,
That through the ayre the mally earth
and seas haue power to flye:
So met these two, and while
they chaunge a blowe or twayne,
Our Romeus thrust him through the throte
and so is Tybalt slayne.
Loe here the ende of those
that styrre a dedly stryfe:
Who thyseth after others death,
himselfe hath lost his life.
The Capilets are quaylde,
by Tybalts ouerthowe:
The courage of the Montagues,
by Romeus sight doth grove.
The townes men waren strong,
the prince doth send his force:
The fray hath end, the Capilets
do bring the brethles corse,
Before the prince: and craue,
that cruell dedly payne
May be the guerdon of his salt,
that hath their kinsman slaine.
The Montagues do pleade,
they Romeus boyde of salt:
The lookers on do say, the fight
begonne was by Tybalt.

The

The prince doth paule, and then
geues sentence in a while,
That Romcvs, for slaying him
should goe into exyle.

His foes would haue him hangde,
or serue in prison strong:
His frendes do think (but dare not say)
that Romeus hath wrong.

Both housholdes straight are charged
on payne of losynge lyfe:
They bloudy weapons layd aside,
to cease the syred stryfe.

This common plague is spred,
through all the towne anon:
From side to syde the towne is ful
with murmour and with mone.

For Tybalts hasty death,
bewayled was of somme,
Both for his skill in fates of armes,
and for in time to come:

He shoulde (had this not chaunced)
been riche, and of great powre:
To helpe his frendes, and serue the state,
whic' hope within an houre

Was wasted quite, and he
thus yelding vp his breath,
More then he holpe the towne in lyfe,
hath harmde it by his death.

And other sonne bewayle,
(but ladies most of all)
The lookeles lot by Fortunes gylt,
that is so late besfall,
(Without his falt,) unto
the seely Romeus,
For whilste that he from natife land
Shall liue exyled thus.

From

The Tragical History.

From heauenly belties light,
and his welshaped parts:
The sight of which, was wont (faire dames)
to glad your youthfull harts.
Shall ou be banisht quite:
and tyll he do retoorne
What hope haue you to ioy?
What hope to cease to moorne?
This Romeus was borne
so much in heauens grace
Of Fortune, and of nature so
beloued, that in his face
(Beside the heauenly bew-
ty glistering ay so bright:
And seemely grace, that wanted so
to glad the seers sight.)
A certaine charme was graued
by natures secret arte:
That vertue had to draw to it,
the loue of many a hart.
So every one doth wish,
to beare a part of payne:
That he released of exyle,
might straight retoorne agayne.
But how doth moorne among
the moorners Juliet?
How doth she bathe her brest in teares?
What depe sighes doth she fet?
How doth she tear her heare?
her weede how doth she rent?
How fares the louer hearing of
her louers banishment?
How wayles she Tibalts death,
whom she had loued so well?
Her hearty greefe and piteous plaint,
cunning I want to tell

For delusing depely now
in depth of depe dispayre:
With wretched sorowes cruell sound
She fils the empty ayre.
And to the lowest hell,
downe falleth her heauy crye,
And vp vnto the heauenis haight
her piteous plaint doth flye.
The waters and the woods,
of signes and sobs resounde:
And from the hard resounding rockes
her sorowes do rebounde.
Eke from her teary eyne,
downe rayned many a shoure:
That in the garden where she walkd
might water herbe and flowre.
But when at length she saw
her selfe outraged so:
Unto her chaumber straight she hide
there ouerchargd with wo.
Upon her stately bed,
her painful parts she threw:
And in so wondrous wise began
her sorowes to renewe:
That sure no hart so hard,
(but it of flint had byn:) .
But would haue rude the pitious plaint
that she did languishe in.
Then rapt out of her selfe,
whilst she on cuery side
Did cast her restles eye, at length
the windowe she espide,
Through which she had with soy
seen Romeus many a time:
Which oft the ventrous knight was wonne
For Julets sake to clyme,

Ho

The Tragical history.

She cryde O cursed windowe,
a curst be euery pane,
Through which (alas) to one I caught
the cause of life and bane.
If by thy meane I haue
some slight & elight receaued,
Or els such fading pleasure as
by Fortune straignt was reaued;
Hast thou not made me pay
a tribute rigorous?
Of heaped greefe, and lasting care:
and sorowes dolorous?
That these my tender partes,
which nedfull strenght do lacke,
To beare so great vnwealdy lode:
vpon so weake a backe:
Opprest with waight of cares
and with these sorowes rife:
At length must open wide to death,
the gates of loathed lyfe.
That so my very sprite,
may somme where els vnloode
His dedly lode, and free from thrall
may seeke els wherc abrode:
For pleasant quiet ease,
and for assured rest,
Whiche I as yet could never finde,
but for my moze vnrest.
O Romeus, when first
we both acquainted wers,
When to thy paynted promises
I lent my listning eare:
Whiche to the brinkes you fuld
with many a solemne othe,
And I them iudgde empty of gyle,
and fraughted full of troth:

I thought

I thought you rather would
continue our good will,
And seeke toapease our fathers strife
which daily groweth still.
I little wend you would
haue sought occasion how
By such an heynous act to breake
the peace, and eke your volve
Wherby your bright renoune,
all wholē yclipsed is,
And I vnhappy husbandes,
of comfort robde, and blisse.
But if you did so much
the blood of Capels thyſt,
Why haue you often spared mine?
myne might haue quencht it first.
Since that so many times,
and in so ſecret place
(Wher you were wont with vele of loue
to hyde your hatredſ face.)
My doutfull lyfe hath hapt
by fatall dome to ſtand,
In mercy of your cruell hart,
and of your bloudy hand.
What ſeemd the conqueſt which
you got of me, ſo ſmall?
What ſeemd it not enough that I
poore wretched, was made your thrall?
But that you muſt increase
it with that kinsinans blook,
Which for his woorth and loue to me
moſt in my fauour ſtood?
Well, goe henceſooþh elſ where,
and ſeeke another whyle,
Some other as vnhappy as I,
by flattery to begyle.

And

The Tragical history.

And where I come, see that
you shonne to shew your face:
For your excuse within my hart
shall finde no resting place.
And I that now too late
my former fault repent:
Will so the rest of very life
with many teares lament:
That soone my ioyceles corps,
shall yeld vp banisht breath,
And where on earth it restles liued,
in earth seeke rest by death.
These sayde, her tender hart,
by payne oppressed soze:
Restraynd her teares, and forced her tong
to keepe her talke in stoe.
And then as still she was,
as it in sound she lay:
And then agayne, wroth with her selfe,
with feble voyce gan say.
Ah cruell murthering tong,
murtherer of others fame:
How durst thou once attempt to tooch
the hono^r of his name?
Whose dedly foes doe yelde
him dewe and earned prayse:
For though his fredome be bereft,
his hono^r not decayes.
Why blamist thou Romeo
for sleying of Tybalt,
Since he is gytlies quite of all,
and Tybalt beares the falt?
Whether shall he (alas)
poore banisht man now flye?
What place of succor shall he seeke
beneth the starry skye?

Synce

Synce she pursueth him,
and him defames by wrong:
That in distres should be his fort,
and onely rampier strong.

Receive the recompence,
O Romicus of thy wife:
Who for she was unkind her selfe,
doth offer vp her lyfe.

In flames of yre, in sighes,
in sorrow and in ruth:
So to revenge the crime she did
commit against thy truth.

These said, she could no more,
her senses all gan fayle:
And deadly panges began straight way
her tender hart assayle.

Her limmes she stretched forth,
she drew no more her breath,
Who had been there, might well haue seene
the signes of present death.

The nurce that knew no cause,
why she absented her,
Did doute lest that some sodain greefe
too much tormented her.

Che where but where she was
the carefull Weland sought,
Last, of the chamber where she lay,
she haply her bethought.

Wher she with piteous eye,
her nurce childe did beholde:
Her limmes stretched out, her outward parts
as any marble colde.

The nurce supposde that she
had payde to death her det:
And then as she had lost her wittes,
She cryed to Juliet.

The Tragical history

Ab my dere hart (quoth she)
how greeuelh me thy death:
Alas what cause hast thou thus soone,
to yelde vp living breathe:
But while she handled her,
and chafed every part,
She knew ther was some sparke of life
by beating of her hart.
So that a thousand times
she cald vpon her name,
There is no way to helpe a traunce,
but she hath tryde the same.
She openeth wide her mouth,
she stoppeth close her nose,
She bendeth downe her brest, she wingeſ
her fingers and her toes.
And on her bosome colde,
she layeth clothes hot,
I warmed and a holesome iuyce
she poureth downe her throte.
At length doth Juliet,
heane sayntly vp her eyes,
And then she stretcheth forth her arme,
and then her nurce she spyes.
But when she saw a wakde,
from her unkindly traunce:
Why dost thou trouble me (quoth she)
what draue thee (with mischaunce)
To come to see my spryte,
forſake my brethles corse:
Goe hence, and let me dye, if thou
hauē on my smart remorse.
For who would ſee her ſcend
to live in dedly payne:
Alas, I ſee my greene begoone,
for euer will remyne.

Or who would seeke to live,
all pleasure being past:
My myrth is donne, my moozning mone
for ay is like to last,
Wherfore since that there is
none other remedy,
Comme gentle death, and ryue my hart,
at onse, and let my dye.
The nurce with trickling teares,
to witnes inward smart,
With halow sigh fetchd from the depth,
of her appauled hart.
Thus speake to Iuliet,
yclad with cugly care.
Good lady myne, I do not know
what makes ou thus to fare.
Be yet the cause of your
unmeasurde heauines.
But of this one I you assure,
for care and sorowes fresse,
This hower large and more,
I thought (so god me saue)
That my dead corps shold wayte on yours,
to your untimely graue.
Alas my tender nurce,
and trusty frend (quoth she)
Art thou so blinde, that with thine eye,
thou canst not easly see
The lawfull cause I haue,
to sorrow and to moorne,
Since those the which I hylde most deere
I haue at once forlorne?
Her nurce then aunswerd thus,
She thinkes it sitts you yll,
To fall in these extremities
that may you gyltles spill.

The Tragical history.

For when the stornes of care,
and troublis do aryse,
Then is the tyme for men to know,
the foolish from the wise.
You are accounted wise,
a foole am I your nurce:
But I see not how in like case
I could be haue me wurtse.
Tibalt your frenyd is ded,
what weene you by your teares,
To call him backe againe: thinke you
that he your crying heares?
You shall perceue the salt,
(if it be iully tryde)
Of his so sodayn death, was in
his rashnes and his pryde.
Would you that Romeus,
him selfe had wronged so,
To suffer himselfe causeles to be
outraged of his foe:
To whom in no respect,
he ought a place to geue?
Let it suffise to thee sayze Dame,
that Romicus doth live.
And that there is good hope
that he within a while,
With greater glory shalbe calde
home from his harderise.
How wel yborne he is,
thy selfe I know canst tell:
By kindred strong, and well alyd,
of all beloued well.
With patience arme thy selfe,
for though that Fortunes cryme
Without your salt, to both your greeves
depart you for a tyme.

I dare

I dare say for amedes
of all your present payne
She will restore your owne to you,
within a monthe or two.
With such contented easse at aldead
as never erst you had;
Wherfore reioyce a while in hope,
and be ne more so sad.
And that I may discharge
your hart of heauy care
A certayne way I haue found out,
my paynes ne will I spare.
To learne his present state,
and what in time to come
He mindes to doe, which knowynge by me,
you shall know all and somme.
But that I dread the whilst
your sorowes will you quell,
straight wou'd I hye where he doth lurke
to frise Lawrence cell.
But if you gyn eftsones
(as erst you did) to moore
Wherto goe I, you will be ded
before I thence retoorne.
So I shall spend in wast,
my tyme, and busy payne,
So unto you (your life once lost)
good awis were commes in dayne.
So shall I ridde my selfe
with this sharpe pointed kniffe:
So shall you cause your parents teare
war weiry of theyr life.
So shall your Romeo,
(despysing lively breath,) 10
With hasty foote (before his tyme)
ronne to untimely death.

The Tragical history

Wher if you can a while,
by reason, rage supprese,
I hope at my retorne to bring
the salut of your distresse.

Now choose to haue me here
a partner of your payne,
Do promise me, so feede on hope,
till I retorne agayne.

Her mistres sendes her forth,
and makes a graue behest,
With reason's rayne to rule the thoughts
that rage within her brest.

When hugy deapes of harmes,
are heapt before her eyes,
Then vanishe they by hope of scape,
and thus the lady lyes,

I wirt well assured trust,
and doutfull lewd dispayre,
How blacke and ugly be her thoughts,
now seenie they white and fayre.

As oft in summer tide,
blacker cloudes do dimme the sonne,
And straight againe in clearest skye
his restles stedes do ronne,

So Julies wandring mynd
ycrowded is with woe,
And by and by her hasty thought
the woes doth ouergoe.

But noyn is time to tell
whilst she was tossed thus

What windes did drive or hauen did helpe
her louer, louer Romeus

When he had sayne his soe,
that gan this dedly strife,
End saw the furious fray had ende,
by ending Tybalts life:

Be

He fled the sharpe reuenge
of those that yet did live,
And douting much what penall dooms
the troubled prince myght gyue,
He sought some where vnseene,
to lark a little space,
And trusty Lawrence secret cell,
he thought the surest place.
In doutfull happe ay best,
a trusty frend is tride,
The freudly syrer in this distress,
dote graunt his frend to hyde.
A secret place he hath,
well seeled round about,
The mouth of which so close is shut,
that none may finde it out.
Both roome there is to walke,
and place to sitt and rest,
Beside a bed to sleape vpon,
full soft and trinkly drest.
The floore is planked so
with mattes, it is so warme,
That neither wind, nor smoky dampes
haue powre him ought to harme.
Where he was wont in youth,
his fayre frendes to bethewe,
There now he hydeth Romeus
whilst forth he goeth to knowe
Both what is sayd and donne,
and what appoynted payne,
Is published by trumpets sound,
than home he byes agayne.
By this, unto his cell,
the nurse with spedye pace:
Was comynge the nerest way: she songht,
no ydel resting place.

The Tragical history.

The fryer sent home the newes
of Romeus certain helth:
And promesse made(what so besell)
he shold that night by stelth
Comme to his wonted place
that they in nedelull wise
Of theyz affayres in time to come,
micht thorowly deuyse.
Those ioyfull newes, the nurce
brought home with mery ioyz
And now our Juliet ioyes, to thinke,
she shall her loue enioye.
The fryer shuts fast his doore,
and then to him beneth,
That waytes to heare the doutefull newes
of lyfe or els of death:
Thy hap quoth he, is good,
daunger of death is none:
But thou shalt live, and doe full well,
in spite of spitedfull fone.
This onely payne for thee
was erst proclaymde aloude,
A banisched man, thou mayst thee not
wihin Verona shroude.
These heauy tydinges heard,
his golden lockes he tare:
And like a franticke man hath torn
the garmentes that he ware.
And as the smitten deere,
in brakes is waltring founde
So waltreth he, and with his brest
doth beate the troden grounde.
He riseth oft, and strikes
his head against the walke,
He falleth downe againe, and lounde
for hasty death he calls.

Come

Come spedyn death (quoth he)
the readiest leache in loue,
Since nought can els beneth the sunne
the ground of griefe remoue.
Of lothsome life breake dolone
the hated staggering staves,
Destroy, destroy at once the lyfe
that faintly yet decayes.
But you (sayre dame) in whome
dame nature dyd devise,:
With cunning hand to woorke, that night
seeme wondrouis in our eyes:
For you I pray the Gods,
your pleasures to increase,
And all mishap, with this my death,
for euermore to cease.
And mighty loue with speede,
of iustice bring them lowe,
Whose lofty prude (without our gyld)
our blisse doth overblowe.
And Cupide graunt to those
they spedy wrongs redresse,
That shall bewayle my cruell death,
and pity her distresse.
Therewith a cloude of sighes,
he breathd into the skies:
And two great streames of bitter teares,
ran from his swollen eyes.
These thinges, the auncient fyre,
with sorowfull saw, and heard,
Of such beginning eke, the ende,
. the wise man greatly feard.
But loe, he was so weake,
by reason of his age,
That he ne could by force, represso
the rigour of his rage.

His

The Tragical History.

His wise and frendly woodes,
he speaketh to the ayre:
For Romeus so vered is,
with care and with dispayre,
That no aduise can perce,
his close forstopp'd eares:
So now the fryer doth take his part,
in shedding ruthfull teares.
With colour pale, and wan,
with armes full hard yfold,
With wofull cheere, his wayling frend,
he standeth to beholde,
And then, our Romeus,
with tender handes yloung:
With voyce, with plaint made hōre, w sobs,
and with a foltring song:
Knewd with nouel mone
the dolours of his hart,
His outward dreery cheere bewrayde,
his stōre of inward smart.
Fyrest, nature did he blame,
the authoř of his lyfe,
In which his ioyes had been so scant,
and sorowes aye sorger:
The time and place of byrth,
he fierily did reprove,
Ye cryed out (with open mouth)
against the starres above:
The fatal sisters thre,
he said, had done hym wrong,
The threed that shold not have been spon ge
they had drawne soorth too long.
Ye wished that he had
before this time been bornde,
Or that as soone as he wan light,
his life he had forlorne.

His

of Romeo and Juliet. F. 38.

His nurce he cursed, and
the hand that gaue him pappe,
The midwife eke with tender grype
that held him in her lappe:
And then did he complaine,
on Glens cruel sonne
Who led him first unto the rockes,
which he shold warely shonne:
By meane wherof he lost,
both lyfe and libertie,
And dyed a hundred times a day,
and yet could never dye.
Loves troubles lasten long,
the ioyes he geues are short:
He forzeth not a louers payne,
they ernest is his sport.
A thousand thinges and more,
I here let passe to write,
Which unto loue this wofull man,
dyd speake in great despite.
On Fortune eke he raylde,
he calde her drase, and blynde,
Winconstant, sond, deceiptfull rashe,
vnreuthfull, and vnykynd.
And to huri self he layd
a great part of the falt:
For that he newe, and was not slayne,
in fighting with Tibalt.
He blamed all the world,
and all he did defye
But Juliet, for whom he lusted,
so; whom eke would he dye.
When after raging fits,
appeased was his rage,
And when his passions (powred forth)
gan partly to asswage.

50

The Tragical history.

So wisely did the scryre,
vnto his tale replye,
That he straight cared for his life,
that erst had care to dye.
Art thou quoth he a man?
Thy shape saith so thou art:
Thy crying and thy weeping eyes,
denote a womans hart.
For manly reason is
quite from of thy mynd outchased,
And in her stead affections lewd,
and fancies highly placed.
So that, I stode in doute
this howre(at the least)
If thou a man, or woman werst,
or els a brutish beast.
A wise man in the midste
of troubles and distres,
Still standes not wayling present harme,
but seeks his harmes redres,
As when the winter flawes,
with dredfull noyse arise,
And heare the somy swelling waues
vp to the starry skies,
So that the broosed barke
in cruell seas betost,
Dispayzeth of the happy hauen
in daunger to be lost.
The pylate bold at helme,
cryes, mates strike now your sayle:
And tornes her stemme into the waves,
that strongly her assayle.
Then driven hard vpon
the bare and wrackfull shore,
In greater daunger to be wrackt,
then he had been before.

He

He seeth his ship full right
against the rocke to ronne,
But yet he dooth what lyeth in him
the perilous rocke to shonne.
Soinerimes the beaten boate,
by cunning gouernment,
The ancores lost, the cables broke,
and ali the tackle spent.
The roder smitten of,
and ouer boord the mast,
Doth win the long desyred port,
the stormy daunger past.
But if the master dread,
and ouerprest with woe,
Begin to wring his handes, and lets
the gyding rodde goe
The ship rents on the rocke,
or sinketh in the deepe,
And eke the coward drenched is,
So:if thou still be wrepe
And seke not how to he:pe
the chaunges that do chaunce,
Thy cause of sorrow shall increase,
thou cause of thy mischaunce.
Other account thee wise,
prooue not thy selfe a foole,
Now put in practise lessons learned,
of old in wisdomes schole,
The wise man saith, beware
thou double not thy payne:
For one perhaps thou mayst abyde,
but hardly suffer iwayne.
As well we ought to seeke
thinges hurtfull to decrease,
As to endeuer helping thinges
by study to increase.

The

The Tragical history.

The prayse of trew fredom,
in wissomes bondage lyes
He winneth blame whose deedes be fonde,
although his woords be wise.
Sickenes the bodies gayle,
greefe, gayle is of the mynd,
If thou canst scape from heauy greefe,
true fredome shalt thou finde.
Fortune can fill nothing,
so full of hearty greefe,
But in the same a constant mynd,
Finds solace and releefe,
Vertue is alwayes thall,
to troubles and annoye,
But wisdome in aduersitie,
findes cause of quiet ioye.
And they most wretched are,
that know no wretchednes:
And after great extremity,
mishaps ay waren lesse.
Like as there is no weale,
but wastes away somtime,
So every kind of wayled woe,
will weare away in time.
If thou wilt master quite,
the troubles that the spill,
Endeuor first by reasons help,
to master wittles will.
A sondry medson hath,
ethe sondry saynt disease.
But pacience,a common salue,
to every wound genes ease.
The world is alwayfull
of chaunces and of chaunge,
Wherfore the chaunge of chaunce must not
seeme to a wise man straunge.

of Romeus and Juliet. Fo. 40

For tickel Fortune doth,
in chaunging but her kind:
But all her chaunges cannot chaunge,
a steady constant minde.

Though wauering Fortune tooze
from thee her smyng face,
And sozow seeke to set him sulfe,
in banishe plesures place,
Yet may thy marred state,
be mended in a while,
And she eftsones that frowneth now,
with pleasant cheere shall smyle.

For as her happy state,
no long whyle standeth sure,
Euen so the heauy plight she brings,
not alwayes doth endure.

What nede so many woordes,
to thee that art so wylse?
Thou better canst advise thy selfe,
then I can thee aduyse.

Wisdome I see is vayne,
if thus in time of neede,
A wise mans wit unpractised,
doth stand him in no steede.

If know thou hast some cause,
of sozow and of care:
But well I wot thou hast no cause
thus frantikly to fare.

Affections foggy mist,
thy febled sight doth blynde,
But if that reasons beames agayne,
might shine into thy mynde:

If thou wouldest view thy state
with an indifferent eye,
I thinke thou wouldest condeme thy plaint
thy sighing and thy crye.

With

The Tragical history.

With balsant hand thou madest
thy soe yeld vp his breth,
Thou hast escapd his swerd, and eke
the lawes that threaten death.
By thy escape, thy frendes,
are fraughted full of soy,
And by his death thy deadly foes
are laden with annoy.
Wilt thou with trusty frendes,
of pleasure take some part:
Or els to please thy hatefull foes,
be partner of theyr smart:
Why cryest thou out on loue,
why doest thou blame thy fates:
Why dost thou so crye after death:
thy life why dost thou hate:
Dost thou repent the choyce
that thou so late didst choose:
Loue is thy Lord, thou oughtest obey,
and not thy prince accuse.
For thou hast found (thou knowst)
great favour in his sight:
He graunted thee at thy request,
thy onely hartes delight:
So that the Gods enuyde
the blisse thou livedst in,
To geue to such unthankfull men,
is folly and a sin.
He thinkes I heare thee say
the cruell banishment,
Is onely cause of thy unrest,
onely thou dost lament,
That from thy natise land,
and frendes thou must depart,
Ensornde to lye from her that hath
the keping of thy hart.

And

of Romeus and Juliet. Fo. 41.

And so opprest with waight
of smart that thou dost feele,
Thou dost complaine of Cupides brand,
and Fortunes turning wheele.
Unto a valiant hart,
there is no banishment,
All countreys are his native soyle
beneath the firmament.
As to the fishe, the sca:
as to the fowle, the ayre:
So is like pleasant to the wise,
eche place of his repayre.
Though froward Fortune chace,
thee hence into eryle:
With doubled hono^r shall she call
thee home within a whyle.
Admyt thou shouldest abyde
abzode a vere or twayne:
Should so short absence cause so long,
and eke so greeuous payne?
Though thou ne mayst thy frendes,
here in Verona see,
They are not banisht Mantua,
where safelij thou mast be,
Whether they may resort,
though thou resort not hether,
And there in suretie may you talke,
of your assayres together.
Pea, but this whyle (alas)
thy Juliet must thou misse,
The onely piller of thy helth,
and anco^r of thy blisse.
Thy hart thou leavest with her,
when thou dost hence depart:
And in thy brest inclosed bearist,
her tender frendly hart.

F. J.

But

The Tragical history

But if thou rew so much,
to leaue the rest behinde,
With thought of passed ioyes, content
thy vncertened mynde.

So shall the mone decrease,
wherwith thy mynd doth melt,
Compared to the heauenly ioyes
which thou hast often felt.

He is too nyse a weakeling,
that shriketh at a shoure,
And he vnworthy of the sweete,
that tasteth not the sowe.

Call now againe to mynde,
thy first consuming flame,
How didst thou vainely burne in loue
of an vnloving dame.

Hadst thou not weliugh wept,
quite out thy swelling eyne:
Did not thy parts fordon with payne,
languishe away and pyne:

Those greeves and others like,
were happily overpast:
And thou in haught of fortunes wheele,
well placed at the last:

From whence thou art now faine,
that raysed vp agayne,
With greater ioy a greater while
in pleasure mayst thou raygne.

Compare the present while,
with times ypast before,
And thinke that Fortune hath for thee,
great pleasure yet in store.

The whilist this little wrong,
receiuue thou paciently,
And what of force must nedes be done,
that doe thou willingly.

Foly

Foly it is to feare
that thou canst not auoyde
And madnes to desire it much,
that can not be enioyde.
To geue to Fortune place,
not ay deserueth blame:
But skill it is, according to
the tyme, thy selfe to frame.
Whilst to this skilfull loze,
he lent his listning eares:
His sighes are stopt, and stopped are
the conduits of his teares.
As blackest cloudes are chaced,
by winters nimble winde:
So haue his reasons chaced care,
out of his carefull mynde.
As of a morning sole,
ensues an euening fayre:
So banisht hope returneth home,
to banish his despayre.
Now is affections beale,
remoued from his eyes.
He seeth the path that he must walke,
and reson makes him wise.
For very shame, the blood
doth flashe in both his cheekes:
He thankes the father for his loze,
and farther ayde he seekes.
He sayth that skilles youth,
for counsell is unfitte,
And anger oft with hastines
are ioin'd to want of witte.
But sound aduise abondes
in hedes with horishe heares:
For wisdom is by practise wonne,
and perfect made by yeares.

The Tragical history.

But aye from this time forth,
his ready bending will:
Shalbe in awe, and gouerned,
by fryer Lawrence skill.
The gouernor is nowe,
right carefull of his charge:
To whom he doth wisely discoorze,
of his affaires at large.
He telles him how he shall,
depart the towne vnknowne,
Both mindfull of his frendes safetie,
and carefull of his owne.
How he shall gyde him selfe,
how he shall seeke to winne,
The frendship of the better sort,
how warely to crepe in
The fauour of the Mantuan prince;
and how he may
Appease the wrath of Escalus:
and wipe the fault away.
The choller of his foes,
by gentle meanes tasswage:
Or els by force and practises,
to bridle quite theye rage.
And last he chargeth him,
at his appointed howre,
To goe with manly mery cheere,
vnto his ladies bowre.
And there with holesome woordes,
to salue her sorowes smart:
And to reviue, (if nede require,
her faint and dying hart.
The old mans woordes haue fild
with ioy, our Romeus bress:
And eke the olde wifes talke, hath set
our Julietts hart at rest.

Whereso

Whereto may I compare,
(D louers) this your day:
Like dayes the painefull mariners,
are woonted to assay.
For beat with tempest great,
when they at length, espye
Some little beame of Phoebus light,
that perceth through the skie,
To cleare the shadowde earth,
by clearenes of his face:
They hope that dreadles, they shal ronne
the remnant of their race.
Yea, they assure them selfe:
and quite behynd theyr backe,
They cast all doute, and thanke the Gods
for scaping of the wacke.
But straight the boylterous windes,
with greater fury blowe,
And ouer boord the broken mast.
the stormy blastes doe thowle.
The heauens large, are clad
with cloudes, as darke as hell:
And twise as hye, the striuing waues
begin to roare, and swell.
With greater daungers dred,
the men are vexed more:
In greater perill of their lyfe,
then they had been before.
The golden sonne, was gonie
to lodge him in the west:
The full moone eke in yonder South,
had sent most men to rest:
When restles Romeus,
and restles Juliet,
In woonted sort, by woonted meane,
in Juliets chaumber met.

The Tragical history

And from the windowes top,
downe had he leaped scarce,
When she with armes outstretched wide,
so hard did him embrase,
What weliugh had the sprite
(not forced by dedly force)
Flowne unto death, before the time
abandoning the corse.
Thus muet stode they both,
the eight part of an houre
And both would speake, but neither had
of speaking any powre.
But on his brest her hed
doth ioylesse Juliet lay,
And on her slender necke, his chyn
doth ruthfull Romeo stay,
Their scalding sighes ascende,
and by their cheekes dolue fall,
Their trickling teares, as christall cleare,
but bitterer farre then gall.
Then he to end the greefe,
which both they liued in,
Did kysse his loue, and wisely thus
hys tale he dyd begin.
My Juliet, my loue,
my onely hope and care:
To you I purpose not as now,
With length of woords declare,
The diuersenes, and eke
the accidents so straunge,
Of frayle unconstant Fortune, that
delyteth still in chaunge.
Who in a moment heaues
her frendes vp to the height,
Of her swift turning slippery wheele,
thi n-fleetes her frendship straight,

D Wm:

of Romeus and Juliet. Fo. 45⁷

O wondrouſ chaunge, euen with
the twinkling of an eye,
Whom erſt her ſelſe had rafhly ſet,
in pleasant place ſo hye:
The ſame in great deſpyte,
downe hedlong doth the throleve:
And while ſhe treades and ſpurneth at
the loſty ſtate laid lowe,
More ſorrow doth the ſhape
within an houers ſpace,
Then pleaſure in an hundred yeres:
ſo geyſon is her grace.
The prooſe wherof in me
(alas) too plaine apperes,
Whom tenderly my carefull frendes
haue foſtered with my feers,
In proſperous high degree:
mayntayned ſo by fate,
That (as your ſelſe did ſee) my foes
enuyde my noble ſtate.
One thing there was, I did
aboue the reſt deſire,
To which, as to the ſoueraigne good,
by hope I would alſy re:
Whol by our mariage meane,
we might within a while,
(To worke our perfect hapines)
our parentes reconſile.
That ſafely ſo we might
(not ſtopt by ſurdy ſtrife)
Unto the boundes that God hath ſet,
gyde forth our pleasant lyfe.
But now (alacke) too ſone
my bliſſe is ouerblowne,
End vpaide downe my purpose and
my enterprize are throwne,

F. iiiij.

And

The Tragical history.

And driven from my frendes,
of straungers must I craue,
(O graunt it God) from daungers dread,
that I may suertie haue.
For loe, henceforth I must,
wander in landes vnknowne:
(So hard I finde the princes doome,) exyled from mine owne.
Which thing I haue thought good,
to set before your eyes:
And to exhort you, now to proue
your selfe a woman wise.
That patiently, you beare
my absent long abod.
For, what aboue by fatall doomes
decreed is that God,
And more then this, to say
it seemed he was bent,
But Juliet, in dedly greefe,
with brackish teares besprent,
Brake of his tale begonne,
and whilst his speche he stayde,
These selfe same wordes, or like to these,
with dreery cheare she sayde,
Why Romeus, can it be,
thou hast so hard a hart?
So farre remoued from ruth: so farre
from thinking on my smart:
To leau me thus alone?
(thou cause of my distresse)
Beseged with so great a campe,
of mortall wretchednesse,
That every hewer now,
and moment in a day,
A thousand times, death bragges, as he
would reauue my life away.
yet

of Romeus and Juliet. Fo. 45.

Yet such is my mishap,
(O cruell destynye)
That still I liue, and wish for death,
but yet can never dye.
So that iust cause I haue,
to thinke (as seemeth me)
That froward Fortune did of late,
with cruell death agree
To lengthen lothed life,
to pleasure in my payne,
And triumph in my harme, as in
the greatest hoped gayne.
And thou the instrument
of Fortunes cruell will,
Without whose ayde she can no way,
her tyrans lust fulfill:
Art not a whit ashame,
(as farre as I can see)
To cast me of, when thou hast culd
the better part of me.
Wherby (alas) to soone,
I seely wretch do prove,
That all the auncient sacred lawes,
of frendship and of loue,
Are quelde and quenched quite.
Since he on whom alway,
My cheefe hope, and my steady truss,
Was wonted still to stay,
For whom I am becommee,
vnto my selfe a foe:
Disdayneth me his stedfast frend,
and scornes my frendship so.
Nay Romeus, nay, thou mayst
of two thinges choose the one:
Either to see thy castaway
as soone as thou art gone,

(Ved,

The Tragical history.

Hedlong to throw her selfe
downe from the windowes haight,
And so to breake her slender necke,
with all the bodies waight.
O suffer her to be
companion of thy payne,
Wher so thou goe (Fortune thee gyde)
till thou retorne agayne.
So wholly into thine,
transformed is my hart,
That euen as oft as I do thinke
that thou and I shall part:
So oft (me thinkes) my life
withdrawes it selfe awaie,
Whiche I retayne, to no end els,
but to the end I may
In spite of all thy foes,
thy present partes enioye,
And in distres to beare with thee,
the halfe of thine annoyse.
Wherefore in humble sort
(Romeus) I make request,
If euer tender pity yet,
were lodgde in gentle brest,
O let it now haue place,
to rest within thy hart,
Receave me as thy seruant, and
the fellow of thy smart.
Thy absence is my death,
thy sight shall geue me life.
But if perhaps thou stand in dred,
to leade me as a wyfe,
Art thou all counsellesse,
canst thou no shifte devise?
What letteth, but in other weedes
I may my selfe disguyle.

What

What, shall I be the first:
hath none done so ere this?
To scape the bondage of theyr frendes?
thy selfe can aunswer yes.
Or dost thou stand in doute,
that I thy wife ne can,
By seruice pleasure thee as much,
as may thy hyred man?
Or is my loyalte
of both accompted lesse?
Perhaps thou fearest lest I for gayne,
for sake thee in distresse.
What, hath my bewty now,
no powre at all on you?
Whose brightnes, force, and praise somtyme,
vp to the skyes you b'lew?
My teares, my frendship, and
my pleasures donne of olde:
Shall they be quite forgote in dede?
When Romeus dyd behold
The wildnes of her looke,
her cooler pale and ded,
The woorst of all that might betyde
to her, he gan to dred.
And once agayne he dyd
in armes his Juliet take:
And kill her with a louing kysse,
And thus to her he spake.
Ah Juliet (quoth he)
the mistres of my hart,
For whom(euen now) thy seruant doth
abyde in dedly smart,
Euen for the happy dayes
which thou desyrest to see,
And for the feruent frendships sake
that thou dost owe to me:

At

The Tragical history.

At once these fancies bayne,
out of thy mynd roote out,
Except perhaps vnto thy blame,
thou fondly go about
To halsten forth my death,
and to thine owne to ronne:
Which Natures law, and wisdoms loze
teache euery wight to shonne.
For, but thou chaunge thy mynde,
(I do foretell the ende)
Thou shalt vndoo thy selfe for ay,
and me thy trusty frende.
For why, thy absence knowne,
thy father wilbe wroth,
And in his rage, so narowly
he will pursue vs both:
That we shall trye in bayne,
to scape awa by flight,
And vainely seeke a loorking place,
to hyde vs from his sight.
Then we found out, and caught,
quite boyde of strong defensce
Shall cruelly be punished,
for thy departure hence.
I, as a rauishor,
thou, as a careles childe,
I, as a man who doth defile,
thou, as a mayde defilde.
Thinking to leade in ease,
a long contented life,
Shall short our dayes by shamefull death.
but (if my loving wife)
Thou banish from thy mynde,
two foes that counsell hath:
(That wont to hinder sound advise)
rashe hastines, and wrath:

If thou be bende to bay
 the loze of reasons skill,
 And wisely by her princely powre
 supprese rebelling will:
 If thou our safetie seeke,
 more then thine owne delight,
 Since suerty standes in parting, and
 thy pleasures growe of sight:
 For heare the cause of ioy,
 and suffer for a while,
 So shall I safely lye abrode,
 and safe tornie from exile.
 So shall no slaunderers blot,
 thy spotles life destayne,
 So shall thy kinshinen be vnlyyd,
 and I exempt from payne.
 And thinke thou not that aye,
 the cause of care shall last,
 These stormy broyles shall ouerblow,
 much like a winters blast.
 For Fortune chaungeþ more,
 then fikel fantasie,
 In nothing Fortune constant is,
 saue in vncoufancie.
 Her hasty ronning wheele,
 is of a restles coorse,
 That turnes the clymers hedlong downe,
 from better to the woorse.
 And those that are beneth,
 She heaueth vp agayne,
 So we shall rise to pleasures mount,
 out of the pit of payne.
 Ere folwe monthes ouerpasse,
 such order will I take,
 And by my letters, and my frendes,
 such meanes I mynd to make,

That

The Tragicall history.

That of my wandring race,
ended shalbe the tyme,
And I cald home with hono: great,
vnto my natuue soyle.
But if I be condemnd
to wander still in th' all,
I will returne to you(mine owne)
befall what may befall.
End then by strength of frendes,
and with a mighty hand,
From Verone will I carry thee,
into a fozein lande.
Not in mans weedē disguise,
or as one scarcely knowne,
But as my wife and onely feere,
in gariment of thyne owne.
Wherfore represse at once,
the passions of thy hart,
And where there is no cause of greefe,
cause hope to heale thy smart.
For of this one thing thou
mayst well assured bee:
That nothing els but onely death
shall sunder me from thee.
The reasons that he made,
did seeme of so great waight,
And had with her such force:that she
to him gan aunswere straight.
Deere syz, nought els with I,
but to obey your will:
But sure whare so you go, your hart
with me shall tary still,
As signe and certaine pledge,
tyll here I shall you see:
Of all the powre that ouer you
your selfe did graunt to me.

And

And in his stead take myne,
the gage of my good will:
One promesse craue I at your hand,
that graunt me to fulfill.
Fayle not to let me haue
at fryer Lawrence hand,
The tydinges of your health, and how
your doutfull case shall stand.
And all the wery while
that you shall spend abrode:
Cause me from time to time to knowe
the place of your abode.
His eyes did gush out teares,
a sigh brake from his brest,
When he did graunt, and with an othe
did hewe to kepe the hell.
Thus these two louers passe
away the wery night,
In' payne and plaint, not (as they wont)
in pleasure and delight.
But now (somewhat too soone)
in farthest East arose
Fayre Lucifer, the golden starre,
that Lady Venus chose.
Whose course appoynted is,
with spedye race to ronne,
A messenger of dawning daye,
and of the rysing sonne.
Then freshe Aurora, with
her pate and siluer glade
Did clear the skyes, and from the earth,
had chased ougly shade.
When thou ne lookest wide,
ne closely dost thou winke,
When Phoebus from our hemysphere,
in westernie wawe doth sinks.

Wl hat

The Tragical history.

What cooler then the heauens
do shew unto thine eyes:
The same, (or like) saw Romeus
in farthest Esterne skyes.
As yet, he saw no day:
ne could he call it night,
With equall force, decreasing darke,
fought with increasing light.
Then Romeus in armes
his lady gan to folde,
With frendly kisse: and ruthfully
she gan her knight beholde.
With solemine othe they both:
theyz sorrowfull leaue do take,
They swere no stormy troubles shall
theyz steady frendship shake.
Then carefull Romeus,
agayne to cell retoornes,
And in her chamber secretly
our ioyles Juliet moornes.
Now hugy cloudes of care,
of sorrow and of dread,
The clearnes of their gladsome harts
hath wholy ouerspread.
When golden crested Phoebus
bosteth him in skye,
And vnder earth, to scape reuenge,
his dedly foe doth syle:
Then hath these louers day
an ende, their night begonne,
For eche of them to other is,
as to the world, the sunne.
The dawning they shall see,
ne sommer any more,
But blackfaced night with winter rough,
(ah)beaten ouer soze.

The

The very watch discharged,
dibye them home to sleep,
The warders, and the shewtes were charges
theyr place and couze to keepe.
And Tierone gates alwyde,
the porters had set open,
When Romeus had of his affayres minded
with frer Lawrence spoken:
Wharely he walked forth,
unknowynge of frend or foee,
Clad like a merchant venturer,
from top revered the towne,
He spurd apace and came
Withouten stop or stay,
To Mantua gates, where lighted downe,
he sent his man away,
With woordes of comfort, to
his olde afflicted syre: dispeasid
And straight in mynd to solace there,
a lodeinge doth he bygynne,
And with the nobler sort,
he doth himselfe acquaints,
And of his open wrong receaved,
the Duke doth heare his plaint.
He practiseth by spades,
for pardon of exyle,
The wylfull he seeketh cuery way,
his sorowes to begyle.
But who forgets the cole sumpur
that burneth in his brest?
Alas his cares, denye his hart,
the swete desyred rest.
No time findes he of myght,
he findes no place of soye,
But euery thing occasion giveth,
of sorrow and unmyght.

G.j.

Fo:

The Tragical history

For when in twining skyes,
the heauens lampes are light,
And from the other hemisphare,
Fayre Phoebus char eth night,
When euery man and beast,
hath cast from painfull toyle,
Then in the brest of Romaneus,
his passions gyne to boyle.
Then doth he wet with teares,
the swiche wheron he lyes,
And then his sighes the chamber fill,
and out aloude he cryes
Against the restles starres,
in rolling skyes that raunge,
Against the fatale sisters three,
and Fortune full of chaunge,
Che night a thousand times
he calleth for the day,
He thinketh Transcenes stedes,
of restles do stay.
Or that at length they haue
some bayring place found out,
Or (gyzed yll) haue lost theyr way and so gonne
and wandred farre about.
Whyle thus in ydel thoughts,
the wery time he spendeth,
The night hath end, but not with night,
the plaine of night he endeth
Is he accompanied,
is he in place alone?
In company he wayles his harrow,
a part he maketh mone.
For if his feeres rejoyce,
what cause hath he to ioy? if so
that wanteth still his cheife deligthe,
while they theyr lounes enjoye.

But

But if with heavy cheere of thoghting
they shewe their inward greefe,
He wayleth moe his wretchednes; and doth thanke
that is of wretches cheefe. q. 3. l. 1.
Wher he doth heare abroad, quicke 10.
the praise of ladies blouwing 10.
Within his thought he scorneth them 10.
and doth preferre his owne. 10.
When pleasant songes he heares 10. l. 2.
Wher brothers do rejoyce 10.
The melody of Musike doth 10. l. 3.
stryke up his mourning boyme. 10.
But if in secret place 10. l. 4.
he walke some where alone, 10.
The place it selfe, and secretnes 10. l. 5.
redoubleth all his mone. 10.
Then speakes he to the beastes 10. l. 6.
to fethered fowles, and trees, 10.
Unto the earth, the cloudes, and so 10. l. 7.
what so beside he sees. 10. l. 8.
To them he shewth his smart, 10. l. 9.
as though they reason had. 10. l. 10.
The thing may cause his heauines, 10. l. 11.
but nought may make him glad.
And (verys of the day) 10. l. 12.
agayne he calleth night, 10. l. 13.
The sunne he curseth, and the hawke 10. l. 14.
wher fyrt his eyes sal bright. 10. l. 15.
And as the night, and day, 10. l. 16.
the course do enterchaunges. 10. l. 17.
So doth our Romeo nightly carres, 10. l. 18.
for care of day exchaunge. 10. l. 19.
In absence of her knight, 10. l. 20.
the lady no way could 10. l. 21.
Repe trew betwene her greefes and her, 10. l. 22.
though neare so sayne she would.

CH. 11.

G. II.

And

The Tragical history.

And though with greater paine
She loked so wiles made:
Yet did her paled face disclose
The passions of her hart.
Her sighing every holme,
her weeping every wher,
Her rechles heede of meat, of sleepe,
and weating of her geare:
The carefull mother markes
then of her health astrayde,
Because the greeves increased still,
thus to her child she sayde.
Deere daughter, if you shoulde
long languishe in this sort,
I stand in doute that ouer soone
your sorwes will make shorte:
Your loving fathers life,
and myne, that loue you more:
Then our owne propre breth, and life.
Bydell hence forth therfore
Your greefe, and payne your selfe
on ioy your thought to set,
For time it is that now you shoulde
our Tybalts death forget.
Of whom, since God hath claymed
the lyfe, that was but leauy,
He is in blisse, ne is there cause
why you shoulde thus lament:
You can not call him backe
with teates, and shakinges shill:
It is a fale thus still to grudge
at Gods appoynted will.
The seely soule haue now no considerance
no longer penaunce to sayne,
No longer could she hyde her hartnes
but answere thus agaynes

With

With heavy broken sigbes,
With visage pale and ded
Madame, the last of Tybalt's traeres,
A great while since I shed.
Whose spring hath been ere this
So laded out by me,
That empty quite, and moistureles,
I gess it now to be.
So that my payned hart
By conduites of the ryne,
No more henceforth (as wont it was)
Shall gush forth dropping byrie.
The wofull mother knew
Not, what her daughter ment,
And loth to here her childe by woordes,
Her peace she warely hent.
But when from howre to howre,
From morow to the morow,
Still more and more she saw increase
Her daughters wonted sorow.
All meanes she sought of her,
And howshold folke, to knowe
The certainereote, wheron her greefe,
And booteles mone doth growe.
But lo, she hath in bayne,
Her time, and laboz ore,
Wherfore without all measure, is
Her hart tormented soze.
And sith her selfe could not
Spnd out the cause of care:
She thought it good to tell the syze,
How yll his childe did fare.
And when she saw her tyme,
Thus to her feere she sayde:
Say, if you marke our daughter well,
The countenance of the mayde,

The Tragical history

And how she fareth, since
that Tybalt unto death,
(Before his time, so it by his soe)
byd yeld his living breath.
Her face shall seeme so chaunged,
her dognes eke so straunge,
That you will greatly wonder at,
so great and sodain chaunge,
Not onely she forbeares,
her meate, her drinke, and sleepe,
But now she tendeth nothing els
but to lament and weepe.
No greater ioy hath she,
nothing contentes her hart
So much, as in her chaumber, close
to shut her selfe apart.
Wherē she doth so torment
her poore afflicted mynde,
That much in daunger standes her lyfe,
except somme helpe we synde.
But (out alas) I see not
how it may be founde:
Unlesse that fyſt, we might fynd whence
her sorowes thus abounde.
For though with busy care,
I haue employde my wit,
And vsed all the wayes I knew,
to learene the truth of it:
Neither extremitie,
ne gentle meanes could boote;
She h̄d ḡt close within her brest,
her secret sorowes roote.
This was my fyſt conceite,
that all her ruth arose
Out of her coſin Tybalt's death,
late slayne of dedly foes.

But

of Romeo and Juliet. Fo. 52.

But now my hart doth hold
a new repugnant thought,
Some greater thing, not Tybalts death
this chaunge in her hath wrought.

Her selfe assured me, that many dayes a goe,
She shed the last of Tybalts teares,
Which woorde amad me so,
That I then could not gesse
What thing els might her grene,
But now at length I haue beþought
me. And I doe beleue

The onely crop and roote
of all my daughters payne,
Is grudging enuies faynt disease,
perhaps she doth disdayne

To see in wedlocke yoke
the most part of her feeres,
Whilist onely she vnmaried,
doth lose so many yeres.

And more perchaunce she thinkes
you mynd to kepe her so,
Wherfore dispayring doth she weare
her selfe away with woe.

Wherfore (deere lyz) in time,
take on your daughter ruth,
For why a brickel thing is glasse,
and frayle is fraylle youth,
Joyne her at once to somme,

in linke of mariage,
That may be meets for our degree,
and much about her age.

So shall you banish care
out of your daughters brest:

So we her parentes in our age,
shall live in quiet rest.

ANNE

G. III.

W. Her.

The Tragical history.

Wherto gan easly
her husband to agree,
And to the mothers shiffull talke,
thus straight way aunswerd he:
Oft haue I thought (deere wife)
of all these thinges ere this,
But euermore my mynd me gaue,
it shold not be amisse,
By farther leysure had,
a husband so prouerde,
Scarce safo she yet full. rbi. yecce
too yong to be a wyfe.
But since her state doth stande
on termes so perilous,
And that a mayden daughter is
a treasour daungerous:
With so great speede I will
endeuour to procure
A husband for our daughter yong,
her sickenes faynt to cure.
That you shall rest content,
(so warely will I chose)
And shes recover stow enough
the time shes seemes to loose.
The whilist, set ke you to learne,
if shes in amy part,
Already hath (unware to vs)
fired her frendly hart.
Lest we hane more respect
to honor and to welth,
Then to our daughters quiet lise,
and to her happy helth.
Whom I do hold as deere,
as thapple of myne eye,
And rather with my poore estate,
and daughterles to bye:

Then

Then leue my goodes and her
ythalde to such a one,
Whose chochish dealing (I once dead)
should be her cause of mone.
This pleasant aunswere heard,
the lady partes agayne.
And Capilet the maydens sire,
within a day or twayne,
Conserreth with his frendes,
for mariage of his daughter,
And many gentlemen there were,
with busyn care that sought her.
Both for the mayden was
well shaped, yong, and sayre,
As also well brought vp, and wise,
her fathers onely heyre.
Among the rest was one
in flande with her desire,
who, County Paris cliped was,
an Earle he had to syze.
Of all the futers, him
the father liketh best,
And easly unto the Earle
he maketh his behest.
Both of his owne good will,
and of his frendly ayde,
To win his wife unto his will,
and to perswade the mayde.
The wife did joy to heare
the ioyfull husband say,
How happy hap, how meete a match,
he had found out that day.
He did sheeke to hyde
her ioyes inithin her hart,
But straight she hyeth to Juliet,
to her she telles apart,

KML

The Tragical history.

What happy talke (by meane
of her) was past no rather
Betwene the woing Paris, and
her carefull louing father.
The person of the man,
the switters of his face,
His youthfull yeres, his fayrenes, and
his port and semely grace.
With curious wordes she payntes
before her daughters eyes,
And then with store of vertues prayse,
She heaues him to the skyes.
She vauntes his race, and gyftes,
that Fortune did him geue:
Wherby (she saith) both she and hers,
in great delight shall live.
When Juliet conceiued
her parentes whole intent,
Wherto, bath loue, and reasons right,
forbod her to assent:
Within her selfe she thought,
rather then be forsworne,
With horses wilde, her tender partes
a sonder shold be torne.
Not now with basyfull brow
(in wonted wise) she spake,
But with vnwonted boldnes, straight
into these woordes she brake.
Madame, I maruell much,
that you so lauaesse are,
Of me your childe, (your iewel once,
your onely joy and care.)
As thus to yelde me vp,
at pleasure of another,
Before you know if I doe like,
or els mislike my louer.

Doe

of Romeo and Juliet. Fo. 54

Doo what you list, but yet
of this assure you still,
If you do as you say you will,
I yelde not there bntill.
For had I choyce of chayne,
farre rather woulde I choose,
My part of all your goodes, and eke
my breath and lyfe to lose:
Then graunt that he possesse
of me the smallest part.
First, weary of my painfull life,
my cares shall kill my hart.
Thus will I perce my brest,
with sharpe and bloody knife,
And you my mother shall become
the mardresse of my life:
In geyng nis to him,
whom I ne can ne may,
He ought to loue. Wherfore on knees,
deere mother I you pray
To let me live henceforth,
as I have liued tofore:
Ceasse all your troubles for my sake,
and care for me no more.
But suffer Fortune feire,
to worke on me her will,
In her it lyeth to doe me boote,
in her it lyeth to spile.
For whilst you for the best,
desyre to place me so,
You hast alway my linging death,
and double all my wo.
So deepe this awnswere made
the sorowes downe to sinke,
Into the mothers brest: that she
ne knoweth what to think.

The Tragical history.

Of these her daughters woodys.
but all appalde she standes,
And by unto the heauens she throwes
her wondring head and handes.
And nigh besyde her selfe
her husband hath she sought,
She telles him all, she doth forget
ne yet she hydeth ought.
The testy old man wroth,
disdainfull without measure,
Sendes forth his folke in haste for her,
and byds them take no leasure.
Lie on her teares or plaint,
at all to haue remorse,
But (if they can not with her will,) to bring the mayde perforce.
The message heard, they part,
to fetch that they must set:
And willingly with them walkes forth
obedient Juliet.
Arrived in the place,
when she her father saw,
Of whom (as much as duty woulde)
the daughter stooode in awe.
The seruantes sent away,
(the mother thought it meete)
The wofull daughter all behept,
fell groueling at his feete.
Which she doth washe with teares
as she thus groueling lyest
So fast and che spenteously
distill they from her eyes.
When she to call for grace
her mouth doth think to open,
Murst she is: for sighes and sobs
her fearefull talke haue broken.

The

The syre, whose swelling worth
her teares could not asswage,
With fiery eyen, and skarlet cheekees,
thus spake her in his rage.

Whilſt ruthfull stood by
the maydens mother mylde,
Listen (quoth he) vnhankfull and
thou disobedient childe.

Hast thou ſo ſoone let ſlip
out of thy mynde the boord,
That thou ſo often times haſt heard al moſt
rehearſed at my boord:

How much the Romayne youth
of parentes ſtood in aſte,
And eke what powre vpon theyz ſeebe
the fathers had by lawe:

Whom they not onely might
pledge, alienate, and ſell,
(wherſo they ſtoode in neede) but moſt ony
if children dede rebell,

The parentes had the power
of lyfe and ſodain death had noſt
What if thofe godmen ſhould agayne
receave the ſuyng breth?

In how ſtraight handea would they
thy ſtubberne body byndes

What weapons would they ſeke for theſe?
What tormentes would they fynde?

To chaffen (if they ſaw) ~~the lewdnes of thy lyfe,~~
and shamefull ſturdy ſtrife;

Such care thy mother had,
ſo deere thauert to me,

That I with long and earnest ſtatue
þownded haue to thee.

Dne

The Tragical history.

One of the greatest lordes,
that wonnes about this towne,
And for his many vertues sake,
a man of great renowne.
Of whom, both thou and I,
unworthy are too much,
So riche ere long he shalbe left,
his fathers welth is such.
Such is the noblenes,
and honor of the race,
From whence his father came, and yee
thou playest in this case,
The dainty foole, and stubberne
gyrle, for want of skill,
Thou dost refuse thy offred meale,
and disobay my will.
Even by his strength I surate,
that fyrt did geue me lufe
And gane me in my youth the strengthe
to get thee on my wyfe.
On leste by wensday next,
thou bende as I ambient,
And at our castle cald free tolone,
thou freely doe assent
To Counte Paris sute,
and promise to agree
In whicheoner then shaltpasse,
thout him, my wife, and me will
Not onely will I geue
all that I have awaie,
From thee, to those that shall me loue,
me honor, and obey:
But also too so close,
and to so hard a gayle,
I shall thee wed for all thy life,
that sur thou shalt not fayle.

A thou-

of Romeo's and Juliet. Fo. 56.

A thousand times a day
to wylle for sodayn death:
And curse the day, and howre when first
thy langes did geue thee breseth.
A blysse thee well, and say
that thou art warneed now,
And thinke not that I speake in spoyt, yea
or nypud to bryake my boore.
For were it not that I
to Counte Paris gaue
My fayth, which I must kepe unsafteyed yet
my honours to saue: yet alas
Ere thou goe hence, my selfe
would set thee chalned so, alas
That thou shouldest once for all be tanght, on
thy duetie how to knowe, and
And what reuenge of olde,
the angry syres did finde
Against theyr children that rebeld; no sonys
and she wyl them selfe unkynnes
These sayd, the olde man straightly
is gone in hast alway, ymmed yet
He so, his daughter him were wondryng
the testy fathertay.
And after hym, his wife as goddes dairies
doth follow out of doore,
And there they leare theyr hidden chyldren
kneeling vpon the floore, yet
Then she that of thad seene, agod yet
the fury of her syre,
Dreading what might come of his rages,
would farther styrre his syre, yet
Unto her chamber she
withdrew her selfe aparte,
Wher she was shente to unloose
the sorowes of her hart.
There

The Tragical history.

There did she not so much
busy her eyes in sleepynge,
As ouerpeste with restles thoughts
in piteous booteles weping.
The fast falling of teares
make not her teares decrease,
Be by the powring forth of plaint,
the cause of plaint doth cease.
So that to thend the mone
and sorrow may decaye,
The bess is that she seeke some meane
to take the cause away.
Her very bed betime
the busfull wight forsakes,
And to saint Frauncis church to masse
her way devoutly takes.
The syper forth is calde,
She prayes him heare her shalfe:
Devocion is in so yong yeres,
a rare and precious gyft.
With hem in her tender knees
the dainty lady knees,
In minde to powre forth all the greefe,
that inwardly she feeleth.
With sghes and salted teares
her shypning doth beginne,
For the olde heaped sorowes hath
to speake, and not of sinne.
Her boyce with piteous plaint
was made already hore,
And hauy sobs, when she would speake,
brake of her wooddes parfage.
But as she may pece meale,
she powreth in his lappe,
The mariage makes a mischiefe nesse,
prepared by mishappes.

Her

of Romeo and Juliet. F. 57.

Her parentes promise er
also Counte Paris past,
Her fathers threats she tellet him,
and thus concludes at last.
Once was I wedded well,
ne will I wed agayne,
For since I know I may not be
the wedded wiffe of twayne,
For I am bound to haue
one God, one sayth, one make,
My purpose is as done as I
shall hence my iorney take
With these two handes whiche haue
vnto the heauens stretch, so
The hasten death which I haue
vnto my selfe to reache
This day (D. Romantis) had and coul ale
this danchy wofull wiffe to iue
With loyng chaunce of all her care, shud
by ending carefull by seequall yo
So my departed sprite
shall witnes to thi skye,
And eke my blyss vnto the earth vno after
beare record how that I
Haukept my sayth unbroke,
stedfast vnto my frende,
Wherewith her heauy tale was tolde
her bolve eke at an ende,
Her gasing hete and there,
her fierce and staring looke,
Did witnes that some lewd attempt,
her hart had undertooke
Wherewith, the feyer assonde,
and gastfully afraide,
Lest the hy deis perfourme her woord,
thus much to her he sayde.

H.J.

Ah

The Tragical history.

Ah lady Juliet,
What nedē the wōwes you speake?
I pray you graunt me one request
for blessed sparis sake.
Pleasurē somewhat your greefe,
holde here a whille your peace,
Whilſt I bethinke me of your case,
your plaint and sorowes ceſſe.
Such comfort will I geue
you ere you part from hence,
And for th'altēs of Fortunes pre
p̄pare ſo ſure deſence,
So helpe me ſalve will I
for your afflictions finde,
That you shall hence depart agayne
with well contented mynde.
His wordes haue chased ſtraight
out of her hart despayre, and
Her blacke and ougly dredfull thoughtes
by hope are waken ſayne.
So fryer Lawrence now
hath left her there alone,
And he out of the church in hauſt
is to his chamber gone.
Wherē ſundry thoughts within
his carefull head arise,
The old mans ſoreſight diuers doutes
hath ſet before his eyes.
His conſcience one while
condemns it for a ſinne,
To let her take Paris to ſpouſt,
ſince he himſelfe had byn
The cheſteſt cauſe, that ſhe
unknowone to father or mother,
Apet five montheſ paſt in that ſelſe place
was wedded to another.

An

of Romeus and Juliet. Fo. 58.

An other whyle an hury
heape of daungers dyed,
His restles thought hath heape vp,
within his troubled bed.
Euen of it selfe that attempt
he iudgeth perious,
The creucion eke he demes
so much more daungerous,
That to a womans grace
he must himselfe commit,
That yong is simple, and unware,
for waughty affaires vsur,
For if the sayle in ought
the matter published,
Both she and Romeus were vndonne,
himselfe eke punished,
When too and fro in wynde
he dyuers thoughts had cast,
With tender pity and with ruth
his hart was wonne at last.
He thought he rather would
in dasard set his fame,
Then suffer such adultery
resolving on the same,
Out of his closet straignt,
he tooke a litle glasse,
And then with double hast retornde
where wofull Juliet was.
Whom he hath found weinigh
in traunce, scarce drawing breath,
Attending still to heare the newes
of lyse or els of death.
At whom he did enquire
of the appointed day.
On wensday next (quod Juliet)
so doth my father say:

The Tragical history

I must geue my consent
but (as I do remember)
The solemine day of mariage is,
the tenth day of September.
Deere daughter quoth the fryer
of good chere see thou be,
For loe, saint Frauncis of his grace
hath shewde a way to me,
By which I may both thee,
and Romeus together,
Out of the bondage which you scare
assuredly deluer.
Euen from the holy font
thy husband haue I knowne,
And since he grew in yeres, haue kept
his counsels as myne owne.
For from his youth he would
vnfold to me his hart,
And often haue I cured him,
of anguish, and of smart.
I know that by desir
his frendship I haue wonne,
And I him holde as dere, as if
he were my propre sonne.
Wherfore my frendly hart,
can not abyde that he
Should wrongfully in ought be harmde,
if that it lay in me,
To rightor to reuenge
the wrong by my advise,
Or timely to prevent the same
in any other wise.
And sith thou art his wife,
thee am I bound to loue,
For Romeus frendships sake, and seeke
thy anguishes to remoue.

And

And dreadfull torments which
thy hart besegen rounde,
Wherfore my daughter gene good care,
Unto my counsels sounde.

Forget not what I say,
ne tell it any wight,
Not to the nurce thou trustest so,
as Romeus is thy knight.
For on this threed doth hang
thy death and eke thy lyfe,
My fame, or shame, his weale or woe,
that chase thee to his wyfe.

Thou art not ignorant
(because of such renowme
As every where is spred of me,
but chesely in this towne.)

That in my youthfull dayes
abrode I trauayled
Through euery land found out by men,
by men inhabited,
So twenty yeres from home,
in landes unknotone, a gest,

I never gaue my weary limmes
long time of quiet rest.

But in the desert woodes,
to beaste: of cruell kynge,
Or on the seas to drenching waues,
at pleasure of the winde.

I haue committed them
to ruth of rouers hand,
And to a thousand daungers more
by water and by lande,
But not in bayne (my childe)
hath all my wandring byn,
Besidethe great concetednes
my sprete abydeth in.

The Tragical history.

That by the pleasant thought
of passed thinges doth grow
One private frute more haue I pluchd
which thou shalt shortly know:
What soxe the stoncs, the plants,
and metals haue so woorke,
And diuers other things that in
the bowels of earth do looke,
With care I haue sought out
with payne I did them prove,
With them eke can I helpe my selfe,
at times of my behoue,
(Although the science be
against the lawes of men)
When sodain daunger forceth me,
but yet most cheefly when
The worke to doe is least
displeasing vnto God,
Not helping to do any sinne
that wrekfull loue forbode.
For since in lyfe no hope
of long abode I haue,
But now am comme vnto the drinke
of my appointed graue,
And that my death drawes nere,
Whose stripe I may not shonne,
But shalbe calde to make account
of all that I haue donne,
Now ought I from hence forth
more depely print in mynde
The iudgement of the lord, then when
youthes folly made me blynde,
When loue and fond desyre
were boylng in my brest,
Whence hope and dred by striving thoughts
had banisched frendly rest,

know

of Romeo and Juliet. Fo. 6c.

Knowe therfore (daughter) that
with other gyltes which I
Haue well attained to by grace
and fauour of the skye,
Long since I did finde out,
and yet the way I knowe
Dscertain rootes and sauoy herbes
to make a kynde of dowe,
which baked hard, and bet
into a powder fine,
And dronke with conduite water, or
with any kynd of wine,
It doth in halfe an houre
astonne the taker so,
And mastreth all his sences, that
he seeketh weale nor woe,
And so it burieith vp
the sp̄ite and living breath,
That euē the skilfull leche would say,
that he is slayne by death.
One vertue more it hath,
as meruelous as this,
The taker by receiuing it,
at all not greeued is.
But painlesse as a man,
that thinketh nought at all,
Into a swete and quiet slepe
immediately doth fall,
From which (according to
the quantitie he taketh,
Longer or shorter is the time
before the sleper waketh.
And thence (the effect once brought)
agayne it doth restore
Him that receaved unto the state,
wherin he was before.

v. iii.

Whet.

The Tragical history

Wherfore, marke well the ende,
of this my tale begomie,
And therby learne what is by thee
hereafter to be donne.

Cast of from thee at once,
the weede of womanish dread,
With manly courage arme thy selfe,
from heele vnto the head.

For onely on the feare
or boldnes of thy brest,
The happy happe, or yll mishappe
of thy assayre both rest.

Receiuue this vjoll small,
and keepe it as thine eye,
And on thy mariage day before
the sunne doe cleare the skye,

Fill it with water full,
vp to the very brim.

Then drinke it of, and thou shalt feele,
throughout eche bayne and lnn:

A pleasant slumber slide,
and quite dssyred at length,
On all thy partes, from every part
reue all thy kindly strength.

Withouten mouing thus
thy pale parts shall rest,
No pulse shall goe, ne hart once deate
within thy hollow brest.

But thou shalt lye as she
that dyeth in a traunce,
Thy kinsmen, and thy trusty frendes
shall wylle the sodain chauncer

Thy corps then will they bring
to graue in this church yarde,
Where thy forefathers long agoe
a costly tombe prepared.

Both

of Romeus and Iuliet. Fo. 61.

Both for himselfe, and eke
for those that shuld come after,
Both deepe it is, and long and large,
Where thou shalt rest my daughter,
Till I to Mantua sende
for Romeus thy knight.
Out of the tombe, both he and I
will take thee forth that night.
And when out of thy slepe
thou shalt awake agayne,
Then mayst thou goe with him from hence,
and healed of thy payne.
In Mantua lead with him
unknowne a pleasant life,
And yet perhaps in time to come,
when casse shall all the strife,
And that the peace is made
twixt Romeus and his foes,
By scle may finde so fit a time
these secretes to dysclose,
Both to my prayse, and to
thy tender parentes ioy,
That daungerles without reproche
thou shalt thy loue enjoy.
When of his skilfull tale,
the fryer had made an ende,
To which our Iuliet so well
her eare and wits dyd bend,
That she hath heard it all,
and hath forgotten nought,
Her fainting hart was comforted,
With hope and pleasant thought.
And then to him she said,
doubte not but that I will
With stoute and vnappauled hart,
your happy hell fulfill.

pea

The Tragical history.

Yea, if I wist it were
a benemous dedly drinke:
Rather wold I that through my throte
the certaine bane should suike,
Then I (not drynking it)
into his handes should fall,
What hath no part of me as yet,
ne ought to haue at all.
Much more I ought with bold
and with a willing hert,
To greatest daunger yelde my selfe
and to the dedly smart,
To commie to him, on whome
my life doth wholy stay,
That is my onely hartes delight,
and so he shalbe aye.
Then goe quoth he (my childe)
I pray that God on hys,
Direct thy foote, and by thy hand
Upon the way thee gye:
God graunt he so confirme
In thee thy present will,
That no Inconstant toy thee let,
thy promesse to fulfill.
A thousand thankes and more,
our Juliet gave the fryer,
And homeward to her fathers house
joyfull she doth retyre.
And as with stately gate
She passed through the streete,
She saw her mother in the doore,
that with her there would meeete.
In mynd to aske if she
her purpose yet did holde,
In mynd also a part twixt them,
her duety to bane tolde:

Wilberys

With herfore with pleasant face,
and with unwonted cheer,
As soone as she was unto her
approched sumwhat nere,
Before the mother spake,
thus did she sy; it begin,
Madame, at saint Frauncis churche
hauie I this morning byn,
Wher I did make abode,
alonger while (percase)
Then dewty wold, yet hane I not
been absent from this place,
So long a while, whitout
a great and iust cause why,
This frute hauie I receaved there,
my hart erst lyke to dye,
Is now revived agayne,
and my afflicted brest
Released from affliction,
restored is to rest.
For lo, my troubled gosse
(alas too sore dissaide,)
By godly counsell and advise,
hath fryer Lawrence easde,
To whome I did at large
discourse my former lyfe,
And in confession did I tell
of all our passed strife.
De Counte Paris sute,
and how my lord my syre,
By my vngrate and stubborne stryfe,
I syred unto yre.
But lo, the holy fryer
hath by his godly loue,
Made me another woman now,
then I had been before,

By

The Tragical history.

By strength of argumentes
he charged so my mynde,
That(though I sought) no sure defence
my searching thought could finde.
So forced I was at length
to yelde vp witties will,
And promist to be orderd by
the friers praysed skill,
Wherfore, albeit I
had rashely long before,
The bed and rytes of mariage,
for many yeres forswore,
Yet mother now behold,
your daughter at your will,
Ready(if you commaunde her ought)
your pleasure to fulfill.
Wherfore in humble wise.
dere madam I you pray
To goe unto my lord and syre,
Withouten long delay,
Of hym syryst pardon craue
of faultes alreadye past,
And shew hym(if it please thyt you)
his child is now at last
Obedient to his lust
and to his skilfull hest.
And that I will(god lending life)
on wensday next be prest.
To wayte on him and you,
Unto thappoynted place,
Wher I will in your hearing and
before my fathers face,
Unto the Counte geue
my fayth and whole assent,
To take hym for my lord and spouse.
thus fully am I bent.

And

And that out of your mynde
I may remoue all doute,
Unto my closet face I now,
to searche and to choose out
The brauest garmentes and
the richest jewells there,
Whiche (better hym to please) I mynd
on wensday next to weare.
For if I did excell
the fauouris Gretian rape,
Yet might att yre helpe to amende
my belity and my shape.
The simple mother was,
rapt in to great delight,
Not halfe a word could she bring forth,
but in this ioyfull plight,
With nimble foote she ran
and with unwonted pace,
Unto her pensiue husband, and
to him with pleasant face:
She tolde what she had heard,
and prayseth much the syer.
And ioyfull teares raine doylne the cheekeſſe
of this grasperded syer.
With handes and eyes he aued vp,
he thankes God in his hatt,
And then he sayth, this is not (wife)
the friers first desart.
Oft hath he shewide to vs,
great friendſhip heretofore,
By helping vs at nedefull times;
With wiſdomes pretious loue:
In all our common weale,
scarce one is to be founde,
But is for somme good to me unto
this holy father bounde:

Wb

The Tragical history.

Oh that the shyd part of
my goods I doe not fayn^e)
But twenty of his passed yeres
might purchase him agayn^e
So much in recompence
of frenship would I geue,
So much (in faith) his extreme age
my frendly hart doth greue.
These said, the glad old man,
From home, goeth straight abrode,
And to the stately palace hyeth,
Where Paris made abode.
Whom he desyres to be
on wensday next his geast,
At Freetowne, where he myndes to make
for him a costly feast.
But loe, the Earle saith
such feasting were but lost,
And counsels him till mariage time
to spare so great a cost.
For then he knoweth well
the charges wilbe great,
The whilist his hart desyret still
her sight, and not his meatz.
He craves of Capilet,
that he may straight go see
Fayre Juliet, wher to be doth
right willingly agree.
The mother warnde before,
her daughter doth prepare,
She warndeth and she chargeth her
that in no wylle she spare
Her curteous speche, her pleasant
lookes, and comely grace,
But liberally to geue them forth
when Paris commes in place.

wch

With which she as cunningly
could set forth to the shewe,
As cunning craftsmen to the sale
do set theire wares on rew:
That ere the County did
out of her sight depart,
So secretly unwares to him,
She stale away his hart,
That of his lyfe and death
the wryl wench hath powre,
And now his longing hart thinkes long
for they appoynted howres.
And with importune sute,
the parentes doth he pray,
The wedlocke knot to knit soone vp,
and hast the marrage day.
The woer hath past forth
the first day in this sort,
And many other more then this,
in pleasure and disport,
At length the wished time
of long hoped delight,
(As Paris thought) drew nere, but nere
approched heauy plight:
Against the biddall day
the parentes did prepare,
Such rich attyre, such furniture,
such stoe of dainty fare,
That they whiche did behold
the same the night before,
Did thinke and say, a man could scarcely
withe for any more.
Nothing did seeme to deere,
the dearest thinges were bought,
And (as the written story saith)
in dede there wanted naught.

It

The Tragical history.

That longd to his degree
and honor of his stocke,
But Juliet the while her thoughts
within her brest did locke.
Euen from the trusty nurce,
whose secretnes was tryde,
The secret counsell of her hart
the nurce childe seekes to hide.
For sith to mocke her dame
she dyd not sticke to lye,
She thought no sinne with shew of truth,
to bleare her nurces eye.
In chamber secretly
the tale she gan renew,
That at the doore she tolde her dame
as though it had been true.
The flattning nurce did prayse
the fryer for his skill,
And said that she had done right well
by wit to order will.
She setteth forth at large
the fathers furious rage,
And eke she prayseth much to her,
the second marriage.
And County Paris now
she praiseth ten times more,
By wrong, then she her selfe by right,
had Romeoe praysde before.
Paris shall dwell there still,
Romeoe shall not retorne,
What shall it boote her life,
to languish still and mourne.
The pleasures past before,
she must account as gayne,
But if he doe retorne, what then?
for one she shall haue twayne.

The

The one shall use her as
his lawfull wedded wyfe,
In wanton loue, with equall ioy
the other leade his lyfe:
And best shall she be sped
of any towntsh dame;
Of husband and of paramour,
to fynde her chaunge of game.
These wordes and like, the nurce
did speake, in hope to please,
But greatly did those wicked wordes
the ladies mynde disease:
But ay she hid her wrath,
and seemed well content,
When dayly dyd the naughtynurce
new argumentes invent.
But when the bryde perceued
her houre approched neare,
She sought (the best she could) to fayne,
and tempted so her cheere,
That by her outward looke,
no liuing wight could gesse
Her inward woe; and yet a new
renewode is her distresse.
Unto her chaumber doth
the pensiuе wight repaire.
End in her hand a percher light
the nurce beares vp the stayre,
In Juliets chamber was
her wanted use to lye,
Wherfore her mistres dreading that
she shold her work defraye
As soone as she began
her palliet to unsyld,
Thinking to lye that night, where she
was wont to lye of late:

I. i.

Dath

The Tragical history.

Doth gently pray her seeke,
her lodgēing some where els.
And lest the crasty shoulde suspect,
a ready reason telles.
Deceyrend (quoth she) you knowe,
to morow is the day,
Of nein contract, wherfore this night,
my purpose is to pray,
Unto the heauenly myndes,
that dwel aboue the skyes,
And oder all the course of thinges,
as they can best deuyse,
That they so smyle vpon
the doynges of To morow,
That all the remnant of my lyfe,
may be exempt from sorow:
Wherfore I pray you leauē
me here alone this night,
But see that you to morow come
before the dawning light,
For you must coore my heare,
and set on my attyre,
And easly the louing nurce,
dyd yelde to her desire.
For she within her bed
dyd cast before no deute,
She little knew the close attempt,
her nurce childe went about.
The nurce departed once,
the chamber daore shut close,
Assured that no luing wight,
her doing myght disclose,
She powred forth into
the byole of the fryer,
Water out of a siluer ewer,
that on the boord stode by her,

The

The sleepy misture made,
sayre Juliet doth it hyde,
Under her bolster soft, and so
vnto her bed she hyed:
Where diuers nouel thoughts
arise within her hed,
And she is so inuironed
about with deadly dred,
That what before she had
resolved vndoubtedly,
That same she calleth into doute,
and lyng doutfully,
Whilist honest loue did stroue
with dred of dedly payne,
With handes ylwrong, and weeping eyes,
thus gan she to complaine.
What, is there any one
beneath the heauens hye,
So much vnsfortunate as I,
so much past hope as I?
What, am not I my selfe
of all that yet were borne,
The deepest drenched in dispayre,
and most in Fortunes skorne?
Foy loe the world for me,
hath nothing els to finde,
Beside mishap and wretchednes,
and anguish of the mynde,
Since that the cruel cause
of my unhappines,
Hath put me to this sodaine plunge,
and brought to such distres,
As (to the end I may
my name and conscience save,) I
must deuowre the mired drinke,
that by me here I haue.

J.ij.

whose

The Tragical history

Whose working and whose force
as yet I doe not know,
And of this piteous plaint began
another doute to grove.
What doe I knowe (quoth she)
if that this powder shall
Sooner or later then it should
or els not woorke at all?
And then my crast desride,
as open as the day,
The peoples tale and laughing stocke,
Shall I remayne for aye.
And what know I (quoth she)
if serpentes odious,
And other beastes and wormes that are
of nature venemous,
That wonted are to lurke,
in darke caues vnder grounde,
And commonly as I haue heard
in dead mens tombes are found,
Shall harme me yea or nay,
Where I shall lye as ded,
Or how shall I that alway haue
in so freshe ayre been bred
Endure the lothsome stinke
of such an heaped stoe
Of carcasses, not yet consumeide
and bones that long before
Intombed were, where I
my sleping place shall haue,
Wher all my aucestors doe rest,
my kindreds common graue.
Shall not the sryer and
my Rameus when they come,
Fynd me (if I awake before)
puyfied in the tombes.

of Romeo and Juliet. Fo. 67.

And whilſt ſhe in thſe thoughtes
doth dwelſ somewhat too long,
The force of her ymaginig,
anon dyd ware to ſtrong,
That ſhe ſurmyſde ſhe ſaw
out of the hollow bauſte,
(A grieuy thing to looke vpon,) ſtrange
the carkas of Tybalt,
Right in the ſelfe ſame ſort,
that ſhe few dayes before
Had ſene him in his blood embreſide,
to death eke wounded ſore.
And then, when ſhe agayne
Within her ſelfe had wayde,
That quicke ſhe ſhould be buried there,
and by his ſide be layde
All conforſtles, for ſhe
ſhall living feere haue none
But many a rotten carkas, and
full many a naked bone:
Her dainty tender partes
gan ſhener all foſ dred,
Her golden heares did stand upright,
vpon her chilliſh hed.
Then preffed with the feare
that ſhe there liued in,
A ſweat as colde as mountaine yſe,
pearſt through her tender ſkin,
That with the moyſture hath
wet euery part of hers,
And more beſides, ſhe vainely thinkes,
whilſt vainely thus ſhe feares,
A thouſand bodies dead
haue compaſt her about,
And leſt they will diſmember her,
She greatly ſtandes in dout,

3. iii.

But

The Tragically history.

But when she felt her strength
began to weare away,
By little and little, and in her hart
her feare increased ay:
Dreading that weaknes might
or foolish cowardise
Vnder the execution of
the purposde enterprise,
As she had frantike been,
in hast the glasse she caught,
And vp she dranke the mirture quicke,
Withouten farther thought.
Then on her brest she crost
her armes long and small,
And so her senses fayling her,
into a traunce did fall.
And when that Phoebus bright
heaued vp his seemely hed,
And from the East in open skies
his glistening raves dispred
The nurce vnshut the doore,
for she the key did keepe,
And douting she had slept to long,
she thought to breake her slepe:
Fy;st, softly dyd she call,
then lowder thus did crye,
Lady, ysu slepe to long, (the Earle)
will rayse you by and by.
But wele awaie, in bayne
vnto the deafe she talles,
She thinkes to speake to Juliet,
but speaketh to the walles.
If all the dredfull noyse,
that might an earth be found,
Or on the roaring seas, or if
the dredfull thunders sound,

Had blowne into her eares,
I thinke they could not make,
The sleepynge wight before the time
by any meanes awake:
So were the sp̄ites of lyse
shut vp, and sensē thrald,
With her with the seely carefull nurce,
Was wonderously apalde.
She thought to daw her now
as she had donne of olde,
But loe, she found her parts were stiffe.
and moxe then marble colde,
Neither at mouth nor nose,
found she recourse of b̄reth,
Two certayne argumentes were these,
of her vntimely death.
Wherfore as one distraught,
She to her mother ranne,
With scratched face, and heare beforene,
but no woord speake she can.
At last (with much a doe)
dead (quoth she) is my childe,
Now out alas (the mother cryde)
and as a Tyger wylde,
Whose whelpes whilst she is gonue
out of her denne to pray,
The hunter gredy of his game,
doth kill or cary away:
So, rageing forth she ranne,
vnto her Julies bed,
And there she found her deersing, and
her onely comfort ded.
Then shriked she out as loude,
as serue her would her b̄reth,
And then (that pity was to heare)
thus cryde she out on death.

The Tragical history

Ah cruel death (quoth she)
that thus against all right
Hast ended my felicitie,
and robde my hartes delight,
Do now thy worst to me,
once I breake thy wrath for all.
Euen in despite I crye to thee
thy vengeance let thou fall.
Wherto stay? (alas,) 13
since Juliet is gone:
Wherto live I since she is dead,
except to wayle and monte?
Alacke dere chyld, my teares
for thee ha I never cease,
Euen as my dayes of life increase,
so shall my plaint increase.
Such store of sorrow shall
afflict my tender hart,
That dedly panges when they assayle
shall not augment my smart.
Then gan she so to sobbe,
it seemde her hart woulde brast,
And while she crieth thus, behold
the father at the last,
The County Paris, and 14
of gentilmen a rouse,
And ladies of Verona tolne,
and country round about,
Both kindreds and alies,
thether a pace haue preast,
For by theyz presence there they sought
to honor so the feast,
But when the heavy nenes
the sydden gerasmes did heare,
So much they mournd, that who had seene
theyz countnance and theyz cheere,

Right

Might easly haue indgde,
by that that they had scene,
That day the day of wrath, and eke
of pity haue beene.

But more then all the rest
the fathers hart was so
Smit with the heauy newes, and so
shut vp with sodain wee,
That he ne had the powre
his daughter to bewepe,
Ne yet to speake, but long is forsd,
his feares and plaint to kepe.

In all the hast he hath
for skilfull leaches sent,
And hearyng of her passed life,
they iudge with one assent,
The cause of this her death
was inward care and thought,
End then with double force againe
the doubled sorowes wrought.

If euer there bath been
a lamentable day,
A day ruthfull, vnfortunate,
and fatall, then I say,
The same was it in which,
through Veron towne was spred,
The wofull newes how Juliet
was sterued in her bed.
For so she was bemonide,
both of the young and olde,
That it might seeme to him that would
the commen plaint behold,
That all the commen welth
did stand in iopardy,
So vniuersall was the plaint,
so pitous was the crye.

The Tragical history.

For lo, beside her shape,
and native belties helve,
With which, like as she grew in age,
her vertues prayses grewe.
She was also so wise,
so lowly, and so mynde:
That euен from the hory head,
unto the wicles childe,
She wan the hartes of all,
so that there was not one,
Ne great ne small, but dyd that day
h. r wretched state bemone.
Whilst Juliet slept, and whilst
the other wepen thus:
Our fryer Lawrence hath by this,
sent one to Romeus.
A sicer of his house,
there never w. is a better,
He trusted him euен as himselfe,
to whom he gaue a letter:
In whitch, he written had,
of every thing at length,
That past twirt Juliet and him,
and of the pownders strength.
The next night after that,
he willett him to commie,
To helpe to take his Juliet
out of the hollow toombe.
For by that time, the drinke
he saith will cease to wooke,
And for one night his wife and he
Within his cell shall looze.
Then shall he carry her
to Mantua away,
(Till sickell Fortune fauour him)
disguisde in mans aray.

This

of Romeus and Juliet. Fo. 70

Thys letter closde he sendes
to Romeus by his brother:
He chargeth him that in no case
he geue it any other.
Apace our irier John
to Mantua him hyce,
End soz because in Italy
it is a wondred grise,
That friers in the towne
should seeldome walke alone,
But of theyr couent ay should be
accompanide with one:
Of his profession straight
a house he syndeth out,
In mynde to take some frier with him,
to walke the towne about.
But entred once, he might
not issue out agayne,
For that a brother of the house,
a day before or twayne,
Dyed of the plague (a sickenes whiche
they greatly feare and hate)
So were the bretheren charged to kepe
within theyr couent gate,
Ward of theyr felowship,
that in the towne do wonne,
The towne folke eke commaunded are,
the fryers house to shonne:
Tyll they that had the care of health,
theyr fredome should renew,
Wherof, as you shall shortly heare,
a mischeefe great therre grewe.
The fryer by this restraint,
beset with ded and sorow,
Not knowing what the letters held,
differ'd vntill the morowe:

End

The Tragical History.

And then he thought in tyme
to send to Romeus,
But whilſt at Mantua where he was,
these dooinges framed thus,
The towne of Juliette bygath
was wholy busied,
About her obsequies, to ſee
theyz darlyng buried.
Now is the parentes myrr
quylte chaunged into moone,
End now to ſorrow is retorne
the iey of euery one.
End now the wedding weedes
for mourning weedes they chaunge,
End Hyttene into a Dyrge,
ales it ſeemeth ſtraunge.
In ſteade of mariage gloues,
now funcrall gloues they haue,
End whom they ſhould ſee maried,
they follow to the graue.
The reaſt that ſhould haue been
of pleaſure and of ioy,
Hath every diſh, and cup, ſet full
of ſorrow and annoyce.
Now throughout Italy
this common vſe they haue,
That all the beſt of every ſocke
are earthed in one graue.
For eaſy household, if
it be of any fame,
Doth bylde a tombe, or digge a vault
that beares the houſholdes name,
Wherēin (if any of
that kindred hap to dye)
They are beſtowde, els in the ſame
no other corps may lye.

The

of Romens and Iuliet. Fo. 71

The Capilets, her corps
in such a one dyd lay,
Whare Tybalt slayne of ROMEUS,
was layde the other day:
In other vse there is,
that whosoeuer dyes,
Borne to their church with open face,
Upon the bierre he lyes
In wonted weede attyde,
not wrapt in winding sheete,
So, as by chaunce he walked abrode,
our ROMEUS man dyd mete
His maisters wyfe, the sight
With sorrow straight dyd wounde
His honest hart, with teares he salwe
her lodged vnder ground.
And so he had been sent
to Verone for a syppie,
The dognes of the Capilets
by wisdom to desrye,
And so he knew her death
dyd touch his maister most,
(Alas) too sone, with heavy nelves
he tyed away in post;
And in his house he found
his maister ROMEUS,
Whare he besprent with many teares,
began to speake him thus.
Syr, vnto you of late
is chaunced so great a harme,
That sure except with constaney
you seeke your selfe to arme,
I feare that straignt you will
brethe out your latter breath,
And I most wretched wight shalbe
thoccasion of your death.

knowe

The Tragical history.

Know sy^r that yester day
my lady and your wyfe,
I wot not by what sodain grefe,
hath made exchaunge of life:
And so^r because on earth,
She found noug^t but vnrest,
In heauen hath she sought to fynde
a place of quiet rest.
And with these weeping eyes
my selfe haue seene her layde
Within the tombe of Capilets,
and here withall he stayde,
This sodayne message sounde
sent forth with sighes and teares,
Our Romeo receaued too sone
with open listening eare,
And therby bath sonke in
such sorrow in his hart,
That loe, his sprite annoyed so^r
With torment and with smart,
Was like to breake out of
his prison house perforce,
And that he might syre after hers,
Would leaue the massy coore,
But earnest loue that will
not sayle him till his ende,
This sond and sodain fantasy
into his head dyd sende:
That if nere unto her
he offred vp his breath,
That then an hundred thousand parts
more glorious were his death,
Eke shold his painfull hart
a great deale more be eased,
And mo^re also (he vainly thought)
his lady better pleased.

W^rther:

of Romeus and Juliet. Fo. 72

Wherfore, when he his face
hath wash't with water cleene,
Lest that the staynes of dryed teates,
might on his cheeke's beseene,
And so his sorow should
of euery one be spyde,
Whiche he with all his care dyd secke
from euery one to hyde:
Straight wery of the house,
he walketh forth abrode,
His seruant at the maisters hest
in chamber styll abode:
And then fro streate to streate,
he wandreth vp and downe,
To see if he in any place
may fynde in all the towne,
A salue meete for his soze,
an oyle fitte for his wounde,
And seeking long (alac too soone)
the thing he sought, he founde.
An Apothecary late
vnbusied at his doore,
Whom by his heauy countenaunce
he gesseid to be poore,
And in his shop he saw
his bores were but fewe,
And in his window (of his wares)
there was so smail a shew,
Wherfore our Romeus
assuredly hath thought,
What by no friendship could be got,
with money shold be bought.
For nedye lacke is lyke
the poore man to compell; an
To sell that whiche the cities lawe
forbiddeth him to sell.

Then

The Tragical history.

Then by the hand he drew
the nedye man apart,
And with the sight of glittering gold
inflamed hath his hart,
Take fiftie crownes of gold
(quoth he) I geue them thee,
So that before I part from hence
thou straight deliver me,
Somme poysone strong, that may
in lesse then halfe an houre,
Kill him whose wretched hap shalbe
the potion to deuoure.
The wretch by couetise
is wonne, and doth assent,
To sell the thing, whose sale ere long,
too late he doth repent.
In hast he poysone sought,
and closely he it bounde,
And then began with whispering voyce
thus in his eare to rounde,
Fayre syr (quoth he) be sure,
this is the speeding gree,
And more there is then you shall nede,
for halfe of that is there,
Will serue, I vnder take,
in lesse then half an houre,
To kill the strongest man aliue,
such is the poysons power,
Then Romeus somewhat easd
of one part of his care,
Within his bosome putteth vp
his dere vnthrifte ware,
Retoyning boine agayne,
he sent his man away,
To Verone towne, and chargeth him,
that he without delay,

Proyde

Prouyde both instruments,
to open wyde the toombe,
And lightes to shew him Juliet,
and stay(till he shall commie.)

Perre to the place whereas
his louing wyfe doth rest,
And chargeth him not to bewray
the dolours o. his brest.

Peter, these heard, his leaus
doth of his maister take,
Betyme he commes to towne, such hast
the paynfull man did make.

And then with busy care
he seeketh to fulfill,
But doth dysclose vnto no wight
his wofull maisters will.

Would God he had herein
broken his maisters brest,
Would God that to the fryer he had
dysclosed all hys brest.

But Romeo, the whyle,
with many a dedly thought,
Prouoked much, hath caused yng
and paper to be brought,

And in few lynes he dyd
of all his loue dyscoorse,
How by the fryers helpe, and by
the knowledge of the noorse,

The wedlocke knot was knyt,
and by what meane that night
And many moe he dyd entry,
his happy hartes delight.

Where he the poyson bought,
and how his lyfe should ende,
And so his wailefull tragedie
the wretched man bath pend.

The Tragical History.

The letters close and scald,
directed to his lyfe:
He locketh in his purse, and then,
a post hors doth he hym.
When he approached hene,
he warely lighted downe,
And euен with the shad of night,
he entred Verone towne,
Where he hath found his man
wayting when he shold come,
With lanterne and with instruments,
to open Julets toome.
Help Peter, helpe quod he,
helpe to remoue the stone,
And straight when I am gone fro thee
my Juliet to bemonie:
See that thou get thee hence,
and on the payne of death,
I charge thee that thou come not nere,
whyle I abyde beneath,
Se seeke thou not to let
thy masters enterprize,
which he hath full purposed
to doe in any wise.
Take there a letter, which
as soone as he shall ryse,
Present it in the morning to
my lousing fatchers eyes.
Which unto him perhaps
farre pleasanter shall seeme,
Then eyther I do mynd to say,
or thy grose head can deeme.
Now Peter that knew not,
the purpose of his hart,
Obediently a little way
withdrew himselfe apart,

And

of Romeus and Juliet. Eo. 74.

And then our Romeus,
(the vault stōne set vpright)
Descended downe, and in his hand,
he bare the candle light.
And then with piteous eye,
the body of his wyfe,
He gan beholde, who surely was
the organ of his lyfe.
For whom vnhappy now
he is, but erst was blyst:
He watreſ her with teares, and then
an hundred times her kyſt.
And in his foldeſ arms,
full ſtraightly he her plight,
But no way could his greedy eyes
be filled with her ſight,
His fearfull handes he layd
vpon her Stomacke colde,
And them on diuers parts beſyde,
the wofull wight did hold.
But when he could not fynd
the ſigues of lyfe he ſought,
Out of his cursed bor he drewe
the peyson that he bought.
Wherof, he greedely
deuowarde the greater part,
And then he cryde with dedly ſigh,
fetcht from his mourning hart;
Oh Juliet, of whom
the world vnwoorthy was,
From which, for worldes vnworthines
thy worthy god dyd pasſe:
What death more pleasant could
my hart wilh to abyde,
Then that whiche here it ſuffreth now,
ſo nere thy frendly syde.

The Tragical history.

Or els so glorious tombe,
how could my youth haue craved.
As in one selfe saue vauite with thee
haply to be ingrav'd?
What Epitaph more worth,
or halfe so excellent,
To consecrate my memory,
could any man inuente
As this, our mutuell, and
our piteous sacrifice
Of lyfe, set light for loue, but while
he talketh in this wise,
And thought as yet a while
his dolours to enforce,
His tender hart began to faynt,
prest with the venoms force:
Which little and little gan
to cuercomme his hart,
End whilst his busy eyne he threwe
about to cuery part:
He saw hard by the corse
of sleeping Juliet,
Bold Tybalt's carcas dead, which was
not all consumed yet,
To whom (as hauing life)
in this sort speaketh he,
Thy cosin dere Tybalt, whereso
thy restles sprite now be,
With strectched handes to thee
for mercy now I crye,
For that before thy kindly howre
I forced thee to dye.
But if with quenched lyfe,
not quenched be thine yre.
But with revengeing lust as yet
thy hart be set on fyre:

What

What more amendes, or cruell
kynge desp'rst thou?
To see on me, then this wh'ch here
is shew'd sooth to thee now?
Who rest by force of armes
from thee thy living breath,
The same with his owne hand (thou seest)
doth poison himselfe to death.
And so he caused thee
in tombe too soone to lye,
To soone also, yonger then thou
himselfe he layeth by.
These said, when he gan feele,
the poysons force preuyal,
And little and little mastred lyfe,
soo aye beganne to fayle,
Kneeling upon his knees,
he said with voyce full lowe,
Lord Christ that so to ransome me
descendest long agoe,
Out of thy fathers bosomie,
and in the virgins wombe,
Didst put on fleshe, Oh let my plaint
out of this hollow toombe,
Perce through the ayre, and graunt
my sute may fauour finde.
Take pity on my sinfull and
my poore afflicted mynde.
For well enough I know,
this body is but clay,
Rought but a masse of sinne, so frayle,
and subject to decay.
Then pressed with extreme greefe,
he threw with so great force,
His ouerpessed parts vpon
his ladies wayled corps:

The Tragical Hystory.

That now his wekened hart,
weakened with tormentes past,
Unable to abyde this pang,
the sharpest and the last:
Remayned quite deprivued,
of sense and kindly strength,
And so the long imprisond soule,
hath freedome wonne at length.
Ah cruell death, too sone,
too sone was this deuorce,
Twixt youthfull Romeus beauenly spryce,
and his fayre earthly roseround
The fryer that knew what time
the powder had been taken,
Knew eke the very instant, when
the sleper should awaken.
But wondring that he could
no kind of aunswere heare,
Of letters, which to Romeus
his fellow fryer did beare:
Out of saint Frauncis church
hyniselfe alone dyd fare,
And sey the opening of the tombe,
meete instrumentes he bare:
Approching nigh the place,
and seeing there the lyght,
Great horror felte he in his hart,
by straunge and sodaine sight,
Yll Peter (Romeus man)
his coward hart made bolde,
Whan of his masters being there,
the certayn newes he tolde:
There hath he been (quoth he)
this halfe houre at the least,
And in this time I dare well say
his plaint hath still increast.

Then

of Romeus and Juliet. Fo. 76

Then both they entred in,
where they (alas) dyd synde,
The bretheles corps of Romeus,
for saken of the mynde.
Where they haue made such mone,
as they may best conceue,
That haue with perfect frendship loued,
whose frend, feerce death dyd reue.
But whilst with piteous playnt,
they Romeus fate bewepe,
In howre too late rayre Juliet
awaked out of slepe.
And much amased to see
in tombe so great a light,
She wist not if she saw a dreame,
or sprite that walkd by night.
But cumming to her selfe,
she knew them, and said thus,
What steyer Lawrence, is it you?
Where is my Romeus?
And then the auncient frier,
that greatly stooode in feare,
Lest if they lingred over long,
they shold be taken theare,
In few plaine wooddes, the whole
that was betyde he tolde,
And with his finger shewd his corps
out stretched, stiffe, and colds,
And then perswaded her
With pacience to abyde
This sodain great mischaunce, and sayth
that he will soone prouyde
In somme religious house
for her a quiet place,
Where she may spend the rest of lyfe,
and where in time percase

The Tragical bistory.

She may with wiſdomes meane,
measure her mourning brest,
And vnto her tormented soule
call backe exiled rest.
But loe, as ſoone as ſhe
had caſt her ruthfull eye
On Romes face, that pale and wan,
faſt by her ſide dyd lye,
Straight way ſhe dyd unstop
the conduites of her teares,
And out they gush, with cruell hand
ſhe taſe her golden heares.
But when ſhe neither could
her ſwelling ſorowſwage,
Ne yet her tender hart abyde
her ſickenes furious rage:
Falne on his corps, ſhe lay
long panting on his face,
And then with all her force and strength,
the ded corps dyd embrace,
As though with ſighes, with ſobs,
with force and buſy payne,
She would him rayſe, and him reſore
from death to lyfe agayne:
A thouſand times ſhe kiſſed
his mouth as cold as ſtone,
And it bukiſſed agayne as oft,
then gan ſhe thys to moñe.
Ah pleasant prop of all
my thoughtes, ah onely ground
Of all the ſweete delights, that yet
in all my lyfe I found.
Did ſuch assured truſt
within thy hart repoſe:
That in this place, and at this time,
this churchyarde thou haſt choſe?

Betwixt

of Romeus and Juliet. Fo. 77

Betwixt the arnes of me,
thy perfect louing make?
And thus by inzanes of me to ende
thy lyfe, and for my sake?
Euen in the flowing of
thy youth, when unto thee,
Thy lyfe most deare (as to the most)
and pleasant ought to be:
How could this tender corps
withstand the cruell fight
Of furious death, that wonts to fray
the steepest with his sight?
How could thy dainty youth
agree with willing hart,
In this so fowle infected place
(to dwell) where now thou art.
Where spitefull Fortune hath
appoynted thee to be,
The dainty foode of greedy wormes,
vnworthy sure of thee.
Alas, alas, alas,
what neded nos new,
My wonted sorowes doubled twise
agayne thus to renew?
Whiche both the tymie, and eke
my patient long abode,
Should now at length haue quenched quite,
and under foote haue trode.
Ah wretch, and captiue that
I am, euен when I thought
To find my painefull passions salve;
I myselfe the thing I sought,
And to my mortall harme,
the fatall knyfe I grounde,
That gau me so deepe, so wyde,
so cruell dedly wounde.

Ab

The Tragical History.

Ah thou most fortunate,
and most vnhappy tombe,
For thou shalt beare from age to age,
Witnes in time to come,
Of the most perfect leage,
betwixt a payre of louers,
That were the most unfortunate,
and fortunate of others:
Receauue the latter sigh,
receauue the latter pang,
Of the most cruell of cruell slaues,
that wrath and death ay wraig.
And when our Juliet would
continue still her moane,
The fryer and the seruant fied
and left her there alone.
For they asodayne noyse,
fast by the place did heare,
And lest they might be taken there,
greatly they stode in feare.
When Juliet saw her selfe
left in the vaulte alone,
That freely she might worke her will,
for let or stay was none:
Then once for all, she tooke
the cause of all her harmes,
The body dead of Romeo,
and claspd it in her armes,
Then she with earnest kisse,
sufficiently did proue,
That more then by the feare of death,
she was attaint by loue.
And then past deadly feare,
for lyfe ne had she care,
With hastie hand she did draw out,
the dagger that he ware.

D

of Romeo and Juliet. Fo. 78

¶ welcome death (quoth she)
end of unhappines,
That also art beginning of
assured happiness:
¶ feare not to darte me nowe,
thy stripe no longer stay,
Prolong no longer now my lyfe,
I hate this long delaye.
¶ For straight my parting sprite,
out of this carcass fled,
At ease shall finde my Romeo sprite,
emong so many ded.
And thou my louing lord,
Romeo my trusty feer,
¶ If knowledge yet doe rest in thee,
if thou these woordes doest heer:
¶ Receue thou her whom thou
didst loue so lawfully,
That causd (alas) thy violent death
although unwillingly.
¶ And therfore willingly
offers to thee her ghost,
To thend that no wight els but thou,
mighst haue just cause to boste
Thinioying of my loue,
which ay g haue reserved,
Free from the rest, bound unto thee,
that hast it well deserued.
¶ That so our parted sprites,
from light that we see here,
In place of endlesse light and blisse,
may ever live yfere.
¶ These said, her ruthlesse hand
through gyrt her valiant hart.
¶ Ah Ladies helpe with teares to wayle,
the ladies dedly smart.

She

The Tragical history.

She grones she stretcheth out
her limmes, she shuttes her eyes,
And from her corps the sprite doth flye.
What shold I say: she dyes.

The watchemen of the towne,
the whilist are passed by,
And through the grates the candel light
within the tombe they spye:

Wherby they did suppose,
inchaunters to be commie,
That with p̄pared instrumentes
had opend wide the tombe,
In purpose to abuse
the bodies of the ded,
Which by theyr science ayde abusde
do stand them oft in sted.

Theyr curious harts desire,
the truch herof to know,
Then they by certaine steppes descend,
Where they do fynd below
In clasped armes ywapt
the husband and the wyse,
In whom as yet they seemd to see
sonme certaine markes of lyse.

But when more curiosly
with leasure they did view,
The certainty of both theyr deaths,
assuredly they knew.

Then here and there so long
with carefull eie they sought,
That at the length hidden they found
the murthers, so they thought.

In donegon depe that night
they lodgde them vnder grounde,
The next day do they tell the prince
the mischefe that they found.

The

The newes was by and by
throug hout the towne bysped
Both of the takyng of the fryer,
and of the two sond ded.
Wherethoright you haue seene
whole househodes forth to ronne.
So to the tombe where they did heare
this wonder straunge was donne,
The great, the small, the riche,
the poore, the yong, the olde,
With hastie pace do ronne to see,
but rew when they behilde.
And that the murthecers
to all men might be knolone,
Like as the murders brute abrode
through all the towne was blstone.
The prince did straight ordaine,
the corses that wer founde
Should be set forth & pon a stage,
hye raysed from the grounde,
Right in the selfe same fourme,
(shewde forth to ell mens sight)
That in the hollow vall they had
been found that other night.
And eke that Leineus man,
and syper Lawrence should
Be openly eramined,
for els the people would
Haue murmured, or sayd
there were some wryghty cause,
Why openly they were not calde,
and so conuict by lawes.
The holy fryer now,
and reuerent by his age,
In great reproche set to the shew
vpon the open stage.

A thing

The Tragical History.

(A thing that ill beseemde,
a man of siluer heares)

His beard as whyte as mylke he bathes,
with great fast falling teares.

Whom straight the dredfull Judge
commaundeth to declare

Both how this murther hath been donne,
and who the murthres are.

For that he nere the tombe
was found at holmes unsitte,

And has with him those yron tooles,
for such a purpose fitt:

The fter was of lively
sprite, and free of speche,

The Judges wordes appald him not,
ne were his wittes to seeche.

But with aduised heed,
a white fyft did he stay,

And then with bold assured boyce,
atoude thus gan he say.

My lordes, there is not one
among you, set togyther,

So that (affection set aside)
by wisdome he consider

My former passed lyfe,
and this my extreme age,

And eke this heauy sight, the wreke,
of frantike Fortunes rage,

But that amased much,
doth wonder at this change,

So great, so sodainly besalme,
unlooked for, and strange.

For I, that in the space
of ix. yeres and tenne,

Since first I did begin to soone
solade my lyfe with men,

And

And with the wordes vaines thinges
my selfe I did acquaint,
Was never yet, in open place
at any tyme attaynt
With any cryme, in waight,
as heauy as a rushe,
He is there any stander by,
can make me gylyt blushe,
(Although before the face
of God, I doe confesse,
My selfe to be the sinfullst wretch
of all this mighty presse.)
When readiest I am,
and likeuest to make
My great accompt, which no man els
for me shall vndertake:
When wormes, the earth, and death
doe cyte me euery houre,
Appare before the iudgement seate
of euerlasting powre,
And falling ripe I leppe
vpon my graues brinke:
Euen then am I most wretched wight
(as eche of you doth thinke.)
Through my most haynous deede,
with hedlong sway thowne downe,
In greatest daunger of my lyfe,
and dornage of renowne.
The spring, whence in your head,
this new conceite doth ryse,
And in your hart increaseth still
your bayne and wrong surmise:
May be the hugenes of
these teares of myne (percase,)
That so abundantly downe fall,
by eyther syde my face.

The Tragical history.

As though the memory
in scriptures were not kept,
That Christ our saviour himselfe
for ruth and pittie wept.
And more whoso will reade,
ywritten shall he fynde,
That teares are as true messengers
of mans vngyltie mynde.
Or els (a liker proofe)
that I am in the cryme,
You say these present prons are,
and the suspected tyne.
As though all howres alike
had not been made aboue,
Did Christ not say the day had twelue?
whereby he sought to proue,
That no respect of howres,
ought iustly to be had,
But at all times men haue the choyce
of dooing good or bad.
Euen as the sprite of God,
the hartes of men doth guyde,
Or as it leaueth them to stray
from Vertues path abyde.
As for the prons that
were taken in my hand,
As now I deime, I neede not seeke,
to make ye understande,
To what vse yron first
was made, when it began:
How of it selfe it helpeth not,
ne yet can helpe a man.
The thing that hurteth, is
the malice of his will,
That such indifferent thinges is wont
to vse and order yll.

Thus

of Romeo and Juliet. F. 81.

Thus much I thought to say,
to cause you so to know,
That neither these my piteous teares,
though nere so fast they flowe.

Be yet these yron tooles,
nor the suspected time,
Can justly proue the murther donne,
or vaine me of the cryme,
No one of these hath powre,
ne power haue all the thre,
To make me other then I am,
how so I seeme to be.

But sure my conscience
(if so my gylt deserue)
For an appeacher, witnesse, and
a hangman eke shold servie.

For through mine age, whose heares,
of long time since were hore,
And credyt greate that I was ill,
With you in tyme tofore,
And eke the soorne short
that I on earth must make,
That every day and houre do loke
my iourney hence to take,

My conscience inwardly,
should more torment me thise,
When all the outward deadly payne
that all you could deuyse.

But (God I prayse) I feele
no worne that gnaweth me,
And from remorses pricking sting,
I soy that I am free.

I meane as touching this,
Wherwith you troubled are,
Wherwith you shold be troubled still
if I my speche shold spare.

L.J.

But

The Tragical History.

But to the end I may
set all your hartes at rest,
And plucke out all the scrupuls that
are rooted in your brest:
Which might perhappes henceforth
increasing more and more
Within your conscience also,
increase your curclesse sore:
I sweare by yonder heauen,
Whither I hope to clym,
And for a witnes of my woordes,
my hart attesteth hym,
Whose mighty hand doth helde
them in their vyclent sway,
And on the rolling stormy seas
the heauy earth doth stay:
That I will make a shert
and eke a true discourse
Of this most wosfull Tragedy,
and shew both the end and course
Of theyr unhappy death,
which you perchance no lesse
Will wonder at, then they (alas)
poore louers in distresse,
Tormented much in mynd
not forring lively breath,
With strong and patient hart dyd yelde
themselfe to cruell death.
Such was the mutuall loue,
wherin they burned both:
And of their promyſt friendshippes sayth,
so stedy was the troth.
And then the auncient frier
began to make dyſcourse,
Even from the firſt of Romes,
and Julies amours.

How first by sodayn sight,
 the one the other chose,
 And twixt them selfe dyd knitte the knotte;
 which onely death might lose.
 End how within a while,
 with hotter loue opprest,
 Under confessions cloke, to him,
 them selfe they haue adrest.
 And how with solemnne othes
 they haue protestyd both,
 That they in hart are maried
 by promise and by othe.
 And that except he graunt
 ther ytes of church to grie,
 They shalbe forst by earnest loue,
 in sinnefull state to lie.
 Which thing when he had wayde,
 and when he vnderstoode,
 That the agreement twixt them twayne
 was lawfull honest, good,
 And all thinges peyzed well,
 it seemed meete to bee,
 For lyke they were of noblenesse,
 age, riches, and degree:
 Hoping that so at length,
 ended myght be the stryfe,
 Of Montagues and Capelets,
 that led in hate theyr lyfe.
 Thinking to wooke a woork
 well pleasing in Gods sight,
 In secret shurt he wedded them,
 and they the selfe same night
 Spade by the mariage
 in house of Capelet,
 As well doth know (if she be askt,)
 the nurce of Juliet.

The Tragical history

He told how Romeo fled,
for reueng Lybalts lyfe,
And how the whilste, Paris the Earle
was offred to hys lyfe.

And how the lady dyd,
so great a wrong dysdayne,
And how to shifft unto his church
she came to him agayne;

And how she fell flat downe
before his seete aground,
And how she sware her hand,
and blody knife should wound

Her harmeles hart, except,
that he some meane dyd fynde
To dysappoynt the Earles attempt,
and spotles sauē her mynde.

Wherfore he doth conclude,
(although that long before)
By thought of death, and age, he had
refusde for euermore.

The hidden artes which he
delighted in, in youth,
Pet wonne by her importunenes,
and by his inward ruth,

And fearing lest she would
her cruell vowe dyscharge,
His closed conscience he had
opened and set at large.

And rather did he choose
to suffer for one tyme,
His soule to be spotted somdeale
With small and easy cryme,

Then that the lady shold,
(veray of liuyng breath)

Further her selfe, and daunger much
Her iekly soule by death.

Wher-

Wherfore his auncient artes
agayne he puttes in vse,
A certaine powder gaue he her
that made her slepe so sure,
That they her held for dead,
and how that frier John
With letters sent to Romeus,
to Mantua is gone,
Of whom he knoweth not
as yet, what is become,
And how that dead he found his friend
within her kindreds tombe.
He thinkes with poyson strong,
for care the yong man scrued,
Supposing Juliet dead, and how,
that Juliet hath carued
With Romeus dagger drawne
her hart and yelde breath,
Desyrous to accompany
her louer after death.
And how they could not saue
her, so they were afard,
And hidde them selfe, dreding the noyse
of watchmen that they heard.
And for the profe of thys
his tale, he doth desper
The Judge, to send forthwith
to Mantua for the fryer,
To learne his cause of stay,
and eke to reade his letter,
And more beside, to thend that they
might iudge his cause the better,
He prayeth them depose
the nurce of Juliet,
And Romeus man, whom at unwares
besyde the tombe he met.

L. II.

Then

The Tragical History.

Then Peter not so much
as erst he was, dysmayd,
By lordes (quoth he) too true is all,
that frerer Laurence sayd.
And when my maister went
into my mystres graue,
This letter that I offer you,
vnto me then he gaue.
Which he himselfe dyd write
as I do understand,
And charged me to offer them
vnto his fathers hand.
The opened packet doth
conteyne in it the same,
That erst the skilfull frier said,
and eke the wretches name
That had at his request,
the dedly poysen sold,
The price of it, and why he bought,
his letters playne haue tolde.
The case vnsolded so,
and open now it lyes,
That they could wish no better prooffe,
saue seeing it with theyr eyes.
So orderly all thinges
were tolde and tryed out,
That in the prease there was not one,
that stooode at all in doute.
The lypser sort to councell
called by Escalus,
Haue geuen aduyse, and Escalus
sagely decreeth thus.
The nurse of Juliet,
is banisht in her age,
Because that from the parentes she
dyd hyde the mariage.

! Which

of Romeus and Juliet. Fo. S4

Whiche might haue wrought much good,
hau it in time been knowne,
Where now by her concealing it,
a mischefe great is growne.
And Peter, for he dyd
obey his masters hest,
In woonted freedome had goed leaue
to leade his lyfe in rest.

The apothecary, high
is hanged by the throte,
And for the paynes he tooke with him,
the hangman had his cote.

But now what shall betyde
of this gray bearded syre?
Of fryer Lawrence thus araynde,
that good barefooted fryre.

Because that many times
he woorthely did serue
The commen welth, and in his lyfe
was never found to swerue:
He was discharged quyte,
and no marke of defame,
Did seeme to blot, or touch at all,
the honor of his name.

But of him selfe he went
into an Hermiteage,
Two myles from Veron towne, where he
in prayers past forth his age.

Tyll that from earth to heauen,
his heauenly sprite dyd flye,
Fyue yeres he liued an Hermite, and
an Hermite dyd he dye.

The straingenes of the chaunce,
when cryed was the truth
The Montagues and Capellets
hath moued so to ruth,

That

be as we name
The Tragical History.

That with their emptyed teares,
theþ choler and theþ rage,
Was empied quite, and they whose wrath
no wisdom could allwage,
Nor threatening of the prince,
ne mynd of murtherers donne:
At length (so mighty loue it would)
by pitye they are wonne.
And lest that length of time
might from our myndes remoue,
The memorie of so perfect, sound,
and so approued loue.
The bodies dead remoued
from vaulte where they did dye,
In stately tombe, on pillars great,
of marble rayse they hye.
On every syde aboue,
were set and eke beneath,
Great store of curning Epitaphes,
in honor of theþ death.
And even at this day
the tombe is to be seere.
So that among the monumentes
that in Verona been,
There is no monument
more worthy of the sight:
Then is the tombe of Juliet,
and Romeus her knight.

¶ Imprinted at London in

Flete strete within Temble barre, at
the signe of the hand and starie, by

Richard Tottill the xix day of

Remember. All. do. 1562.

HUTH
BEQUEST.